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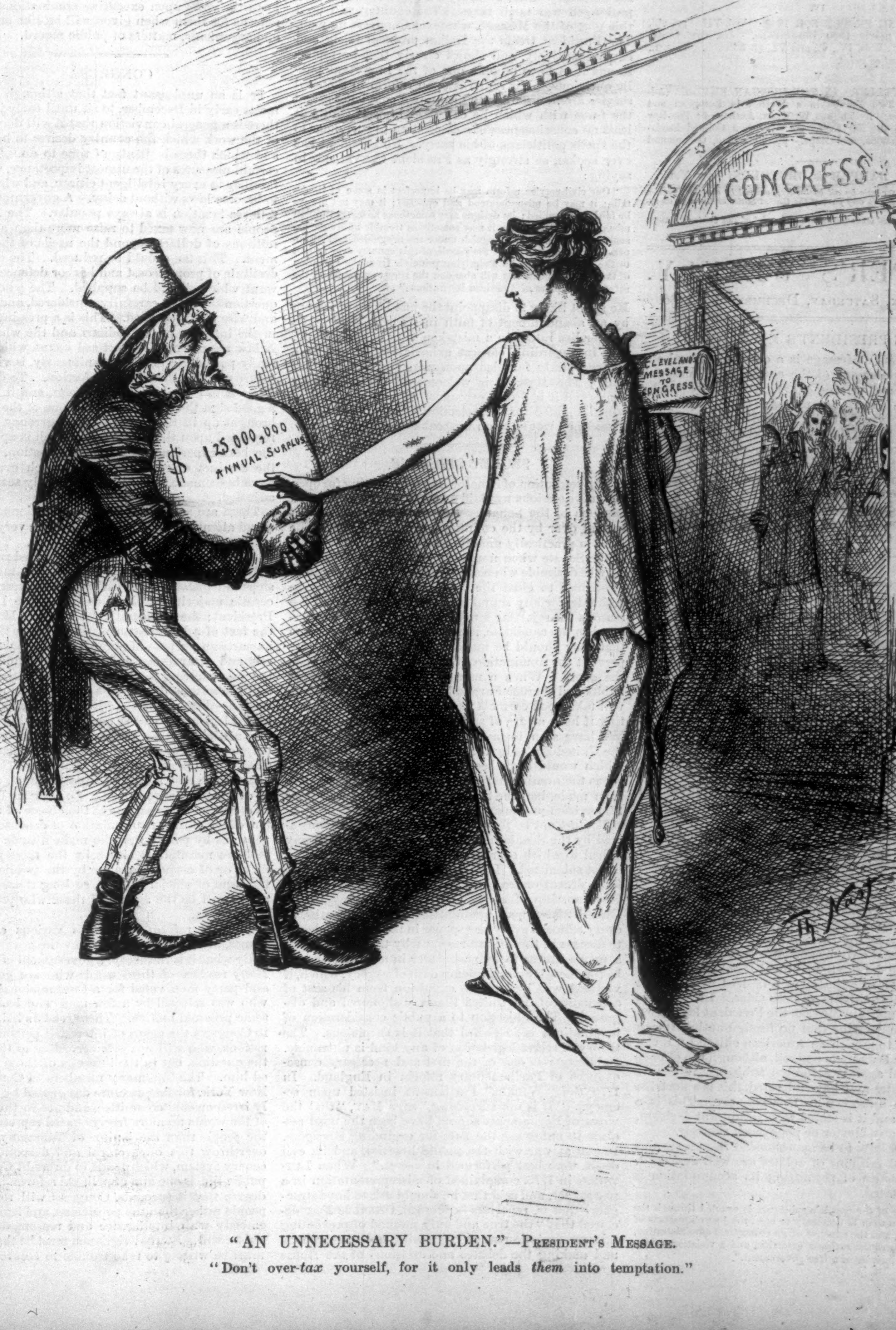
CONGRESS
CLEVELAND MESSAGE TO CONGRESS
$ 125,000,000 ANNUAL SURPLUS
Th Nast

"AN UNNECESSARY BURDEN."—PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

"Don't over-*tax* yourself, for it only leads *them* into temptation."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 18, 1886.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE President's Message is a clear, plain, and admirable statement of the condition of national affairs. Its most striking characteristic is its purely patriotic tone. It is not partisan or "bumptious," nor a special plea, but the sincere expression of a conscientious Chief Magistrate anxious to maintain peace with honor, and to deal candidly with every public interest. The portions of the Message which merely describe the situation are direct and intelligible. The recommendations are forcibly put, and with a common-sense which will commend them to the general confidence of the country. The Message well deserves the praise of the London *News*, that it "seems to disdain that impolitic art of evasion which is exhibited in so many utterances of the kind in Europe," and of the London *Times*, that it "faithfully reflects the stability, tranquillity, and general prosperity which give so firm a foundation to the policy and society of the United States." It reflects also the honest character of its author, and happily assures the country that the man at the head of affairs is upright, trustworthy, and faithful.

The only foreign question involving the necessity of a mutual understanding is the fisheries dispute with Canada. In his treatment of it the President neither swaggers nor threatens. He says, with an honorable desire for the most friendly relations with a kindred and neighboring people, "This propinquity, community of language and occupation, and similarity of political and social institutions indicate the practicability and obvious wisdom of maintaining mutually beneficial and friendly relations." Yet the President says frankly that while he is unfeignedly desirous of maintaining those relations, the action of Canadian officials during the year has seriously imperilled their continuance. This is a much more promising spirit in which to consider a delicate international difference than the highcockalorum tone which has been sometimes adopted in the discussion. The difficulty, as the President said last year, can be happily adjusted only by amicable conference and negotiation, and despite the political Bombastes in both countries, such an adjustment is desired by the great body of sensible citizens on both sides. In regard to the Cutting affair in Mexico, the President lays down the American doctrine that no foreign authority can be permitted to punish an American citizen for a violation of our laws upon our soil, although the offence be committed against a foreign subject. Whatever European states may have tolerated, this is a doctrine and practice unknown to this country. This is a sound view, and it is stated with significant decision, but without any bluster or poppycock rhetoric.

The evil results to be apprehended from a surplus of a hundred millions of dollars are well described, and the injustice of permitting its accumulation is vigorously stated.

> "When more of the people's substance is exacted through the form of taxation than is necessary to meet the just obligations of the government and the expense of its economical administration, such exaction becomes ruthless extortion, and a violation of the fundamental principles of a free government."

The remedy suggested is the diminution of taxation by readjusting the tariff, but in a way not to injure existing industries undertaken under the system which produces a surplus, and not to harm the interests of labor so far as they may be involved. The details of such a scheme it is not the province of the Executive to provide. The President does his duty in recalling Congress to the plain principle that good government aims to secure individual liberty and the enjoyment of individual earnings with the least possible diminution for the public needs. The remarks of the President upon the inquiry of laboring-men whether, considering their tribute to the Treasury, they receive their fair share of advantages, and his suggestion that a system of taxation which produces a vast surplus leads to abnormal individual profits, without benefit to the people at large, are well worthy the most thoughtful attention of every good citizen. They certainly show that the President sees some of the remoter but not less grave evils which are due to what the Secretary of the Treasury describes as our present prolonged war tariff taxes. The country will heed this part of the Message, whatever Congress may do. The President treats the Indian problem fairly and comprehensively, and shows clearly that he understands it to have become one of the important public questions. His remarks upon reform in the civil service are in accord with his known convictions, and the force with which he expresses himself shows at least no consciousness of a disposition to surrender to the spoils politicians of his party. No President has ever spoken so strongly as President Cleveland in saying:

> "Our civil service reform may be imperfect in some of its details; it may be misunderstood and opposed; it may not always be faithfully applied; its designs may sometimes miscarry through mistake or wilful intent; it may sometimes tremble under the assaults of its enemies, or languish under the misguided zeal of impracticable friends; but if the people of this country ever submit to the banishment of its underlying principle from the operation of their government, they will abandon the surest guarantee of the safety and success of American institutions."

He is not likely to disappoint the just hopes of reform by an abandonment of faith in its principles. His danger lies rather in a mistaken view of expediency, and in regarding earnest exhortation to pursue a course plainly founded upon principle as misguided zeal. The Message is welcome to every patriotic heart, and it is droll to think of the party fury of '84 which shouted that the election of its author to the Presidency would be an unspeakable calamity.

SECRET SESSIONS.

THE resolution of Senator Platt providing for open executive sessions was laid over among the unfinished business of the Senate. But the question will not be laid over by the country until it is settled. The press is practically unanimous for opening the doors of the Senate when nominations are considered. It may be desirable when a treaty is under consideration sometimes to close the doors; but it can never be desirable, for any sound public reason, to conceal the reasons for rejecting a nomination. If they are personal to the candidate, it may be unfortunate for him that they should be made public. But the way to prevent the nomination of such candidates is to open the doors. When a man knows that his personal habits and character are to be publicly scrutinized, he will take good care not to expose himself to the scrutiny if he is aware of spots that the light will reveal. We have seen formerly the disgrace inflicted upon the United States by the conduct of ministers abroad, which would have been spared to the country, because the nomination of such men would never have been made, had the Senatorial consideration of their fitness been public and not secret.

It must not be forgotten that no candidate considered by the Senate in open session is exposed to any ordeal to which every candidate for popular election is not submitted. If every possible assertion, true or false, decent or scandalous, about a candidate for the Governorship of a State or the Presidency of the United States, may be discussed for five months, as every editor of every newspaper in the country pleases to discuss it, there is no reason why the discussion of a man's fitness to be postmaster in a village should be conducted under a solemn oath of secrecy, which, if violated, will lead to the expulsion from his seat of a Senator of the United States, dishonored and disgraced. The objection to a public consideration of nominations is so pitiful that it is suspicious. The theory of secret legislation of any kind is untenable. Publicity was one of the first and necessary consequences of Parliamentary reform in England. In 1770 the "Wilkes" Parliament insisted upon secrecy. "It is not surprising," says May, "that the worst of Parliaments should have been the most resolute in enforcing the rule for excluding strangers. It was at war with the public liberties, and its evil deeds were best performed in secret." When Luttrell, in 1778, complained of misrepresentation in a newspaper, and said that he should ask to have strangers—that is, reporters—excluded, Charles Fox declared that "the true and only method of preventing misrepresentation was by throwing open the gallery and making the debates and decisions of the House as public as possible." Speaking of legislative reports, May says that "the people justly esteem it as the rarest safeguard of liberty."

It was not, however, until 1836 that the British Parliament authorized the publication of the division lists, showing how each member voted. This fostered a consciousness of immediate dependence upon the people, which had been unknown, and when Disraeli in 1843 attacked Sir Robert Peel, he showed the thought uppermost in his mind by saying that he should not feel that his vote against the Ministry would weaken the confidence of his constituency. The secret Senatorial session to consider nominations is a lingering survival of an old practice abused to the injury of liberty, and now without plausible pretence. The Senate may refuse to repeal its rule of secrecy, as it refused to investigate the election of Senator Payne, and as it seems inclined to allow its members to hold the briefs of great corporations which seek Congressional aid. But we trust that the opportunity offered by Senator Platt will be improved, and that henceforth the votes upon executive nominations, and the reasons for them when given, will be, like other votes and arguments, matters of public record.

CONGRESS.

IT is an unpleasant fact that although Congress meets early in December, to sit until early in March, there is a general conviction that it will do very little of the work which the country desires to have done, and which there is plenty of time to do. There are certain measures of the utmost importance, which are familiar to every intelligent citizen, and which ought to become laws without delay. A government which relieves taxation is always popular. The American people are now taxed to raise more than a hundred millions of dollars beyond the needs of the government. This tax should be reduced. The country is destitute of proper coast and harbor defences. It is a want which should be supplied. The whole Indian question should be carefully considered, and a definite and wise policy adopted. This is a pressing question in the interests of the Indians and the whites alike. A law regulating the electoral count, which has already passed the Senate unanimously, is vital to the security of the Presidential election. To delay such a law is to be criminally negligent, and it is at least a good sign that the subject was one of the first to be brought up in the House. The currency should be regulated upon the sound basis which is approved by the best experience. The land question, including the conduct of corporations to which great grants have been made, should be thoroughly searched and adjusted.

These are some of the public questions which demand attention, and upon all of which very little satisfactory action will be probably taken. The general dilatoriness of Congress; the complicated rules of procedure; the unwillingness of parties to take decided steps in legislation; the differences between the Democratic majority of the House and the Democratic President; the Democratic feuds in the House itself; the fact of a Republican majority in the Senate, and its partisan purpose of stimulating Democratic quarrels and obstructing a Democratic Administration; the manœuvring for the next Presidential election; and the serious discontents in the party of administration—these are some of the reasons why very little useful legislation will be accomplished at this session. The session will be a part of the Presidential campaign, each side looking out for its "record," and statesmanship will be lost in politics. This will become more and more the situation until the system of our politics is reformed. So long as Representatives reach Congress, not as the choice of the people, but of the skilful manipulation of caucuses and conventions by politicians who make a trade of politics, and are maintained either by the money of candidates or of corporations, or by the public money in the form of official salaries, so long those Representatives will be the agents of those who procure their nomination.

Political reform, under its various aspects and names, merely proposes to make the government actually what it is in theory, a government of the people. Many readers of these words who are good citizens and party men voted for a Congressional candidate who was selected by a few men who had generally some personal motive. These readers helped to send to Congress the agent of interested persons or corporations, who will not vote according to the merits of the question, but in the interests of those who selected him. The Tammany members of Congress from New York, for instance, are designated by a practically irresponsible committee, and are in the real sense of the words no more freely elected representatives of the people than the janitor of Tammany Hall. To overthrow this oligarchical and despotic and mercenary system, which tends to discredit Congress and public life, is one aim of political reform. Just in the degree that it succeeds, Congress will represent the people rather than the politicians, and legislation will embody with intelligence and reasonable speed the public will. Eternal vigilance must be the rule. We must be willing to take trouble to secure the results of our institutions, and let no man sneer at the interminable delays and the general unsatisfactoriness of Congress who does nothing to aid the efforts to correct the ills of which he complains.

THE BENTON-STONE AFFAIR.

The intervention of our issue for Christmas, the happy season in which there are no politics in these pages, has deferred our comments upon the letter of the President concerning ex-District Attorney Stone, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Stone was rightfully suspended, because making campaign speeches is inconsistent with the just principle which was plainly stated in the President's letter to the Civil Service Reform League. Speaking of officers like district attorneys, he said that those then in office, "as well as their successors, should be taught that efficiency, fitness, and devotion to public duty are the conditions of their continuance in public place, and that the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual rights is the reasonable measure of their party service." Partisan stump speaking on either side is certainly not the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual rights. It is necessarily offensive to half of the community. The President had stated the general principle in the letter to the League. He had specifically warned office-holders in his circular of July, 1886. Messrs. Benton and Stone deliberately disregarded the warning. Mr. Benton, as now appears, did so in a way which brought the Administration into discredit. Mr. Stone denies that he censured the Administration. But however that may be, the offence in both cases was unmistakable; and both were rightfully removed.

But the reinstatement of Mr. Benton and the refusal to reinstate Mr. Stone are in accord with no principle, and are flagrantly inconsistent with the distinct declaration of the President in the League letter. The letter in the case of Mr. Stone is in effect, although not in intention, an abandonment of the principle of reform, and asserts what is practically an impossible distinction between permissible and non-permissible campaign speeches by such officers. The object of a campaign speech is to discredit the opposing party. If the speaker holds office under an Administration which he attempts to discredit, he ought to be removed. If he attempts to discredit the opposing party, when that party comes into power he ought to resign, or he will properly be removed. But if one such officer may do this, all may, and the practice thus leads to the clean partisan sweep which it is one of the chief efforts of reform to prevent.

The only fair and practicable rule for office-holders during their term of office is "the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual rights." This rule the President has abrogated by the reinstatement of Mr. Benton, which is a reversal of the policy of reform, as is shown conclusively by the delight of Republicans, who point to it as proof either of Executive weakness or falsity, and by the shouts of Democratic enemies of the Administration, hailing what they declare to be the sign of a surrender to the "spoils bosses" of their party. The confidence of reformers is necessarily shaken, not in the President's convictions or purpose, but in his judgment. It is a step which is in every way unfortunate, for while it does not really conciliate his Democratic enemies, it does undoubtedly disturb and chill his Independent friends. The revelation of the character of Mr. Benton's speeches, which was unknown when the President reinstated him, makes the reinstatement, upon the President's own statements in the Stone letter, a serious mistake, and if the sole result of the July circular is to be the reinstatement of Mr. Benton and the removal of Mr. Stone for the reasons alleged, it will be undoubtedly a damaging blow at reform.

THE GOOD WORK AT HAMPTON.

Every friend of the Hampton Institute, at Hampton, Virginia—and they are among the most intelligent and philanthropic and patriotic citizens in the country—has heard with sincere sorrow of the illness of General Armstrong, which has compelled him for the time to seek absolute rest. But the Institute cannot rest. General Armstrong's work must go on, and increase, if possible, while he renews his health. To that end a very strong appeal is made to liberal-hearted men and women to aid in providing a permanent endowment, and Mr. James F. Brown, of Brown Brothers, in New York, General J. F. B. Marshall, in Boston, Mr. Robert C. Ogden, of John Wanamaker, in Philadelphia, and Mr. F. N. Gilman, treasurer, at Hampton, will receive subscriptions.

The school property, valued at $400,000, is free of all debt. The fund sought is $500,000, toward which $109,800 have already been contributed. The appeal has the strongest support of eminent citizens and of distinguished clergymen who are personally familiar with the character and work of the Institute. For the information of any reader who may not know what the work is we will state that its aim is to supply colored teachers for the Southern States and for the Indians. During the last school year the record shows 65 officers, teachers, and industrial instructors, 536 colored students, and 140 Indian students—741 in all. The graduates and undergraduates are already teaching 45,000 colored children in public schools. One of the chief objects of the Institute is practical education in various industries, which are as follows: wood-working in many forms, blacksmithing and iron-working, farming, tailoring, dress-making, printing, machine-knitting, saddlery, shoemaking, tinsmithing, brick-making, wood-carving, horticulture, and domestic work of all kinds. It is one of the most useful, hopeful, and promising institutions south of Washington, and on every ground it merits the sympathy and liberal aid of all who can appreciate the vital value of its work.

Such aid is a cause which should need no urging. There is, indeed, no lack of good causes, and there is a constant appeal to the generous and benevolent. But that is only to say that there is always somebody to help, some good work to do. The alternative open to a humane man in this world is not helping or not helping, but only how most wisely to help.

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.

Joseph Wesley Harper, Consul of the United States at Munich in Bavaria, died at his post on the 8th of December, in his sixtieth year. Mr. Harper was the oldest son of the late Fletcher Harper, the youngest of the brothers who founded the publishing house. He studied at Columbia College, and subsequently read law, but he did not enter upon the practice of his profession, and passed much time in travel.

His hearty and generous disposition and his genial, simple manner greatly endeared him to his companions, and few men have had more or warmer friends. Marrying for a second time, he went abroad, and was living in Munich when he was appointed Consul there by President Arthur. In a delightful capital like Munich it is fortunate when the official representative of his country not only serves his government to its entire satisfaction, but by taste and sympathy attracts his own countrymen and the best society around him. Always thoughtful and urbane, Mr. Harper's house was the natural and hospitable centre of the American colony in Bavaria, by which his death will be sincerely regretted.

For the last twenty years Mr. Harper had travelled extensively, and had taken little part in the business which is identified with his family name; but the kindly relations with his old associates there have been always undisturbed, and they will always happily remember his frank courtesy, his manly directness, his gentle nature, grieving only that they shall behold his face no more.

A QUESTION OF QUOTATION.

Nothing marks a fair and honest adversary in discussion more surely than exact quotation of the words of an opponent. In his letter to the Attorney-General about District Attorney Stone, the President said:

> "Mr. Stone and others of like disposition are not to suppose that party lines are so far obliterated that the administration of the government is to be trusted, in places high or low, to those who aggressively and constantly endeavor unfairly to destroy the confidence of the people in the party responsible for such administration."

The New York *Tribune* and its Chicago namesake, professing by the careful use of quotation marks to be repeating the President's exact words, give them thus:

> "The administration of the government is not to be trusted, in places high or low, to those who are opposed to the party responsible for such administration."

The only difference between the *Tribunes* is that in Chicago it says, "cannot be."

The President states a rule of action which commends itself to every man of every party who would see the public service established upon sound principles. The two *Tribunes*, by misquoting him, make him merely state the bald Marcy and Hubbell doctrine of spoils. We are not raising the question of the propriety of the removal of Mr. Stone, but of the honesty of such a quotation.

CRANCH'S "ARIEL AND CALIBAN."

It is many years since Christopher Pearse Cranch published his first slight volume of poems, in which were verses that have passed into our literature, and which still echo in many hearts. In this pleasant Christmas season he gives us another collection of his verse, with the old music and the old feeling, the hope of youth undimmed, the faith of youth unchilled, and with all the unmistakable evidence that time has not withered nor custom staled the freshness and sweetness and tender pathos of his song.

This is one of the chief charms of the volume. It shows, as all his work shows, the graceful play of imagination, the sense of melody, the susceptibility to nature, the wayward variety of mood, which distinguish the poetic temperament; but more than that it reveals the natural singer, whose heart is always young, and for whom the glory never passes away from earth. There is also the same earnest thought, the curious, questioning mind that challenges the great mystery which enfolds us, the spirit which made itself known in one of the earlier and the most familiar of Mr. Cranch's poems:

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought,
Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught."

Cranch is probably as impatient of seeing this quoted as Bryant used to be of hearing of "Thanatopsis." But it is a key in which his genius naturally sings, and this later verse echoes with the old music.

Among all our poets and literary men, no one has been more faithful to the dreams of his youth, to the standard of a pure, lofty, and generous ideal of life, than Cranch. In this view the little poem in this volume, "Ars Longa, Vita Brevis," is very significant. Its melody has a manly pathos, not of repining or regret, but of the consciousness of a certain spiritual solitude. But such singers, whom neither fashion, nor fortune, nor misfortune can lure from their own heaven-selected path, who go their way, as this one hears Ione, still and forever, "singing, singing," are ministers of the eternal beauty, and while they may suppose themselves forgotten and useless, they cheer and illuminate many a life of which they never hear. The lark may warble in "a privacy of glorious light," but there are listeners invisible to him who bless his song.

PERSONAL.

There are now seventeen Princeton alumni associations in various parts of the country; and the association in New York proposes to organize itself into a Princeton Club, though not to establish a club-house. The committee appointed at the last meeting of the trustees of the college to consider the question of forming a board of alumni chosen by the graduates to co-operate with the trustees will meet early in January. It consists of Mr. Dod, class of '58, Mr. Alexander, class of '60, and Mr. Moses Taylor Pym, class of '77, and will undoubtedly report in favor of forming such a co-operative board.

—Among the members of the Saville Club in London are Edwin A. Abbey, William Black, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, George H. Boughton, Archibald Forbes, and Du Maurier, of *Punch*. The institution is a sort of junior Century Club, only the members usually appear at night in evening dress.

—The Sons of the Revolution—a society of men whose ancestors fought or otherwise served in the Revolutionary war—have resolved to admit the wives of members to their next dinner, and to advise the unmarried members to marry before that event.

—Mr. George Wilson, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, sometimes devotes three months to preparations for an annual or special dinner of that body. It is tedious to arrange the list of speakers, and more tedious to guarantee to every member an agreeable neighbor at table.

—Mrs. Cleveland promises to favor the reform movement which asks ladies to remove their hats on entering a theatre; and Mr. Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, has already provided a hat-room and an attendant in the foyer of that pretty edifice. Even if high hats go out of fashion, the reform will not be needless.

—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher noticed that ice is a luxury in England, that waiters are confused by a request for water, and that an American is known in Great Britain by his calling for water and for ice.

—Among the many friends of Mr. Joseph W. Harper who mourn his decease, none was more deeply touched by the sad news than Mr. Anson D. F. Randolph, or, as Mr. Harper affectionately called him, "Father Randolph." The veteran publisher, recalling the pleasant association with Mr. Harper, says: "It was never my good fortune to meet him in his official position, but I did know him as a member of the 'trade.' In this connection I frequently met him. His warm and generous nature made him a favorite with all. I doubt if he had an enemy. I remember the hearty welcome he gave me at Irvington, whither I had gone on a day in June to pay my respects to Mr. Fletcher Harper, and vividly recall now the pose of the latter as he sat at his ease upon his broad piazza, looking across the spacious and beautiful lawn upon an exquisite bit of landscape, and with that peculiar quiet smile which always lighted his face when he was 'well pleased.' It was the last time I saw the father and son together. The picture of each still lives in my memory, though the originals have now passed on."

—Colonel Grant's present to Mr. George W. Childs of General Grant's favorite driving mare Silver and her nine-month-old colt, was accompanied by a graceful note, which ended as follows: "My father drove Silver about two years, and derived much pleasure and recreation from her speed and gentleness. I hope that when the colt is old enough, you and Mrs. Childs will have much pleasure in driving it." These valued animals are by no means the only souvenirs of General Grant in the possession of Mr. Childs.

—Mr. F. E. Trowbridge, of the New York Stock Exchange, has invited all the Methodist clergymen of this city to dinner at the Windsor Hotel on December 17 to meet the trustees and faculty of Syracuse University, of which he is a graduate. Many other guests will be present also, and the condition of the university will be considered.

—Dr. Douglas and the cause of medical science are to be congratulated that his book of memoranda of General Grant's illness has been found, and that he will be able to spend the winter at the South in writing the medical history of that illness.

—Mr. Stephen Masset's friends in New York are giving him a farewell testimonial at Chickering Hall on the 18th prox., prior to his departure from America. Mr. Pipes will then and there appear for the last time in his popular monologue.

—Two Boston literary women, Miss Nora Perry and Mrs. Jane G. Austin, are much in request as "readers" by the publishers in their city, as they are positive in their opinions and can give decided reasons for them. But they are not unfrequently diametrically opposed in their views of a manuscript.

—The order of Hawaiian Knighthood has been conferred on Herman Bendel, a wealthy sugar refiner of San Francisco, by King Kalakaua. This decoration of Claus Spreckels's business rival is supposed to be the dusky monarch's revenge for Mr. Spreckels's recent contemptuous declination of knighthood and other Hawaiian honors.

—Two sons of James G. Blaine are employed in the Chicago offices of the Northwestern Railroad. A son of Senator Dawes is also a resident of Chicago, and engaged in the practice of law.

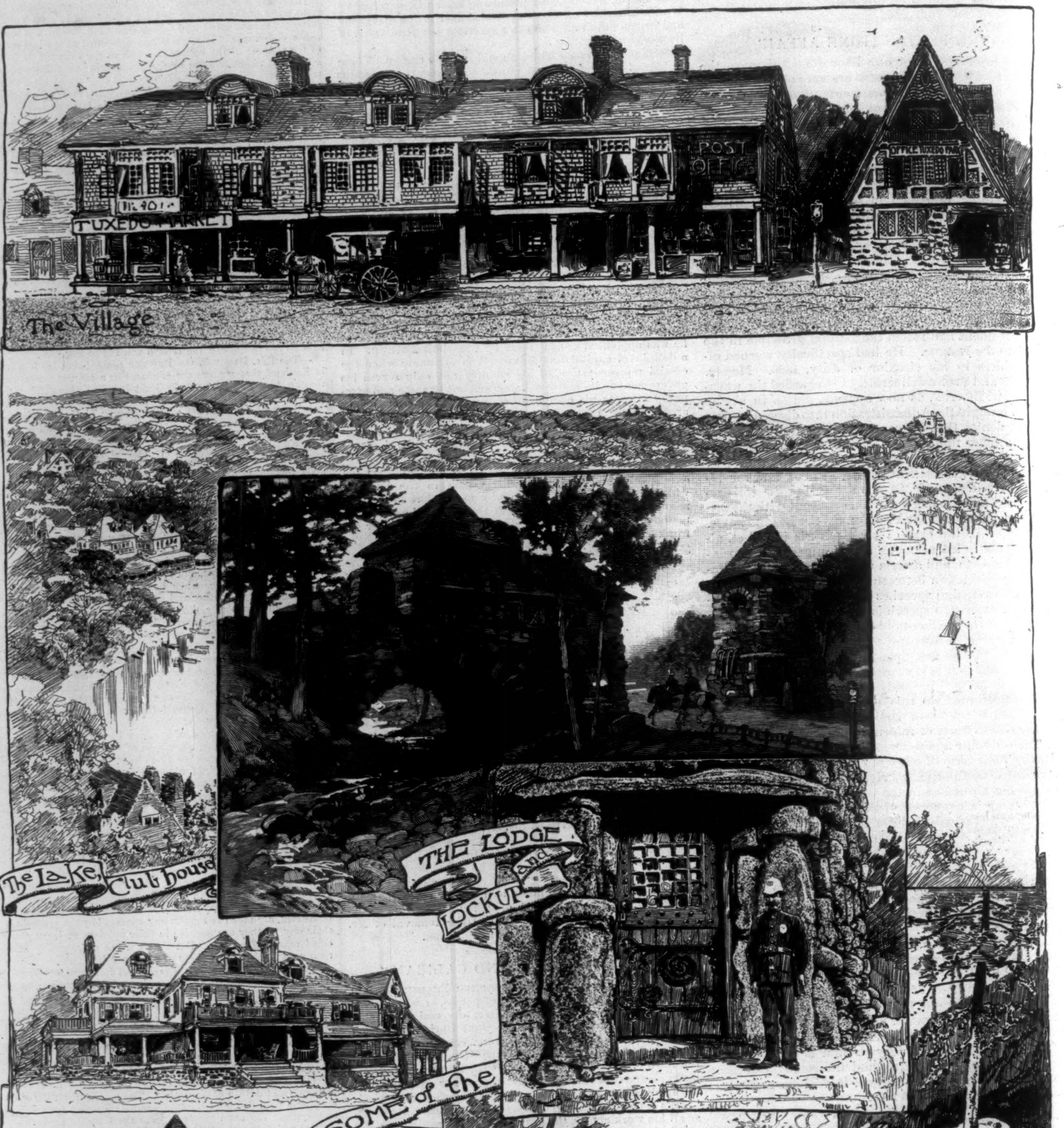
—His fiftieth birthday was celebrated by King Kalakaua at Honolulu on the 16th of November. The natives from the country made it a gala day, and brought presents ranging from live pigs to poi, while the town residents gave the King an assortment of articles which converted the palace into a variety bazar. The occasion seemed to demonstrate the popularity of the King.

—The Chinese public-school in San Francisco has now thirty-eight pupils, although it started a year and a half ago with only six. It is under the charge of Miss Thayer, who finds the young Celestials very bright in learning English and the common branches. Her hardest task is to enforce silence; the little fellows like to chatter in Chinese about their lessons. Three of the pupils are girls, all wear the Chinese costume, and all take a two weeks' holiday at the Chinese New-year.

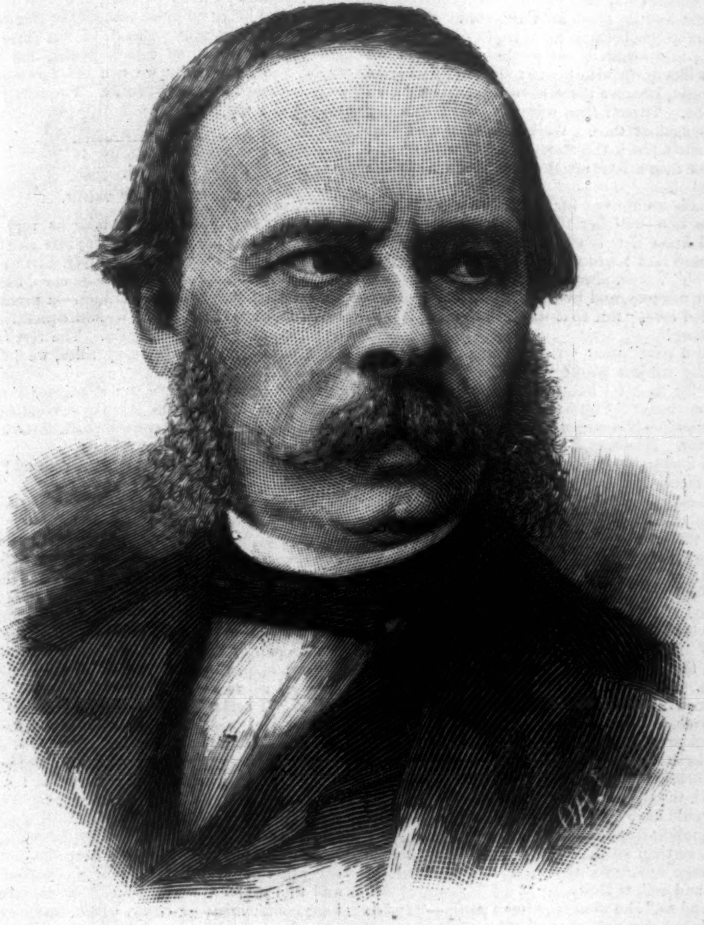
—Several months ago the church people of Sydney, New South Wales, sent a letter to Mr. Moody inviting him to come to Australia and hold meetings. They have received a reply that he cannot leave his family now for so long a journey, but he hopes that he may yet visit the colonies.

—Miss Annie Teresa Kemp, a young woman of promise, made a successful professional début as an elocutionist in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association in Brooklyn. She has a rich and well-trained voice, and she reads with cultivated expression. Among the listeners was Mr. William Allen Butler, the distinguished lawyer, who wrote to Miss Kemp a letter of cordial thanks for "the rare treat" her gifts had afforded him.

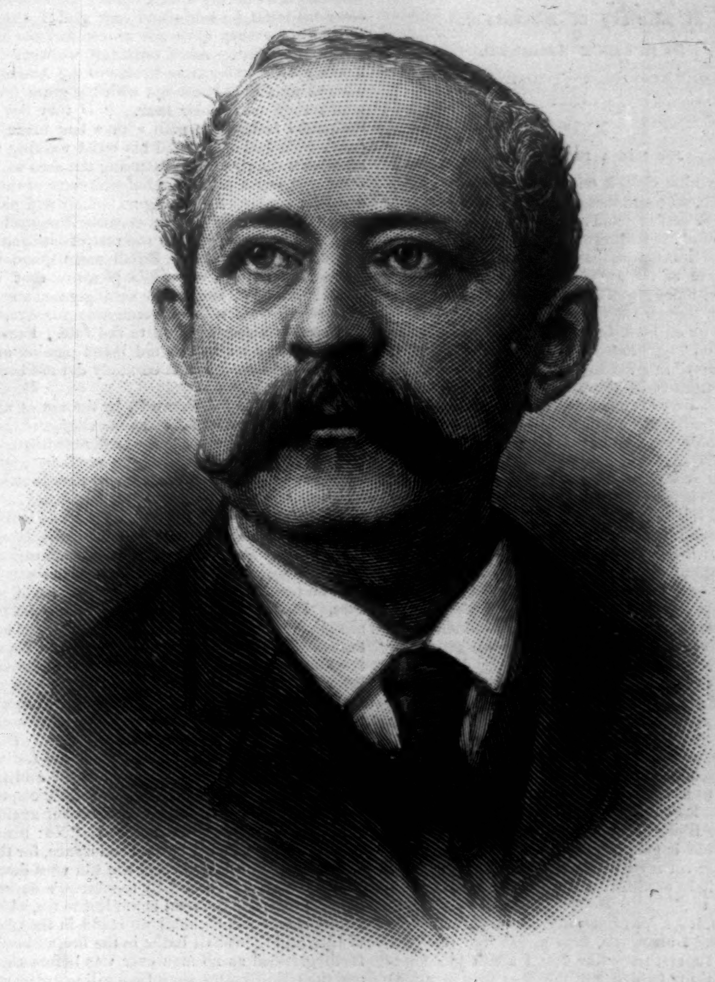
—The most imposing funeral ceremony ever known in Hakodate, Japan, occurred in September last, when the native and foreign citizens united in honoring the memory of Judge Aoki Nobutora, the head of the judiciary in the northern district of the empire. This officer was held in esteem not only for the legal distinction he had enjoyed for many years, but also for his labors as an advanced liberal, from a period antedating the Restoration of 1868, when to oppose the ancient spirit of conservatism was to risk both character and life. In a more private capacity his name was associated with numerous works of charity and social progress. He held high rank as an archæologist, and the collection of Japanese antiques left by him is of rare and unique value. One of his daughters is, we believe, the only Japanese of her sex who has become a naturalized American citizen.


The Village
TUXEDO MARKET
POST OFFICE
OFFICE TUXEDO PARK
The Lake, Club house
THE LODGE and LOCKUP
SOME of the ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES
In the Woods

TUXEDO PARK.—Drawn by Harry Fenn from Sketches, and Photographs by Hill Brothers.—[See Page 827.]



MEYER VON BREMEN.—[See Page 834.]



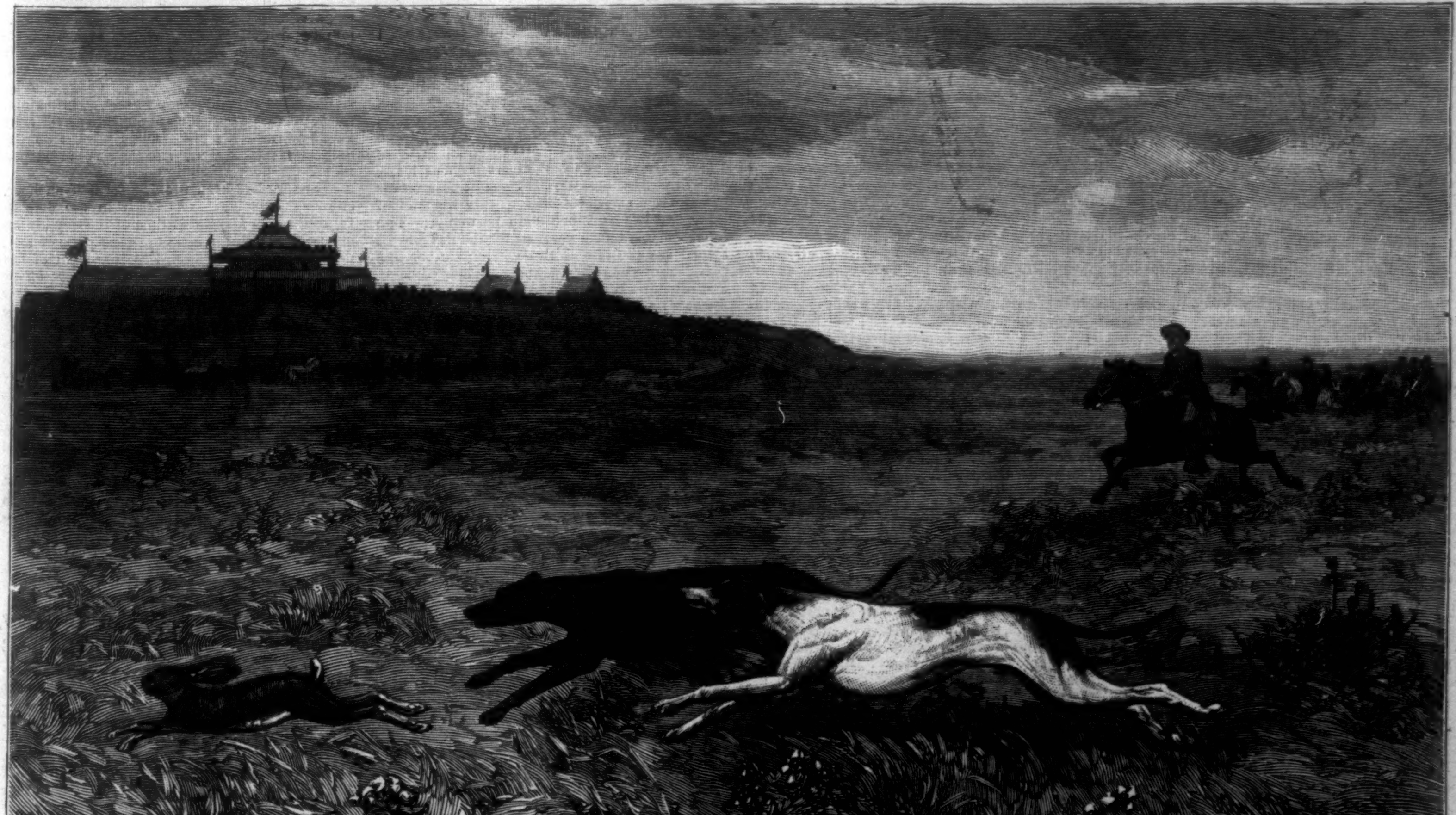
JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.—Photographed by Kurtz.—[See Page 823.]

THE MEET OF THE AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.

Coursing, as an organized pastime, is yet young in America. It may be said to have found its first decided development during the present year, since it has been only then that a systematic attempt was made to bring together the lovers of the sport from all over the Union and inaugurate what might be rightly called a national coursing event. There have long been coursing clubs in different parts of the country, notably in Colorado and California, where the large American hare (*Lepus callotis*—commonly known as the jack-rabbit) abounds upon the wide and level plains; but it was not until this summer that these clubs were brought together in a common organization. This association is known as the American Coursing Club. Its first meet was held at Great Bend, Kansas, upon the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d days of October, and was attended in such numbers by sportsmen and spectators as to be a matter of surprise to the officers in charge.

In killing the hare, the greyhound does not, as is commonly supposed, bite her in the small of the back. This would be an impossible position for a greyhound at speed. On the contrary, the hound throws his head to the side with a quick, nipping jerk, and usually scores the hare in the flank or quarter, sometimes throwing her a distance of several yards, where she is usually finished by the second dog, if the course be a close one. If the dog strikes the hare, but does not stop her, he is credited with a "trip." A change of course greater than a right angle is called a "turn"; if less than a right angle, a "wrench."

At the first meet of the American Coursing Club, held as it necessarily was in a comparatively remote and thinly settled country—where only the hares can be found in sufficient numbers—there were some thousands of people present, from almost every State in the Union, and there were some grand dogs in the running. The hares were found in the most unexpected abundance, and everything conspired to make the occasion successful to the last degree. The head-quarters of the association are permanently established at the Cheyenne Flats, near Great Bend, where suitable buildings have been erected, and where the coursing meet may be expected to become an annual event hereafter.



COURSING JACK-RABBITS AT GREAT BEND, KANSAS.—Drawn by J. M. Tracy from a Sketch by Hough & Ricker.

SHE:*

A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

XXII.

JOB HAS A PRESENTIMENT.

It was nine o'clock on the following morning when Job, who still looked scared and frightened, came in to call me, and at the same time breathe his gratitude at finding us alive in our beds, which it appeared was more than he had expected. When I told him of the awful end of poor Ustane he was even more grateful at our survival, and much shocked, though Ustane had been no favorite of his—or he of hers, for the matter of that. She called him "pig" in bastard Arabic, and he called her "hussy" in good English, but these amenities were forgotten in the face of the catastrophe that had overwhelmed her at the hands of her Queen.

"I don't want to say anything as mayn't be agreeable, sir," said Job, when he had finished exclaiming at my tale, "but it's my opinion that that there *She* is the old gentleman himself, or perhaps his wife, if he has got one, which I suppose he has, for he couldn't be so wicked all by himself. The Witch of Endor was a fool to her, sir; bless you, she would make no more of raising every gentleman in the Bible out of these here beastly tombs than I should of growing cress on an old flannel. It's a country of devils, this is, sir, and she's the master one of the lot; and if ever we get out of it, it will be more than I expect to do. I don't see no way out of it. That witch isn't likely to let a fine young man like Mr. Leo go."

"Come," I said; "at any rate, she saved his life."

"Yes, and she'll take his soul to pay for it. She'll make him a witch, like herself. I say it's wicked to have anything to do with those sort of people. Last night, sir, I lay awake and read in my little Bible that my poor old mother gave me about what is going to happen to sorceresses and them sort till my hair stood on end. Lord, how the old lady would stare if she saw where her Job had got to!"

"Yes, it's a queer country, and a queer people too, Job," I answered, with a sigh, for though I am not superstitious like Job, I admit to a natural shrinking (which will not bear investigation) from the things that are above nature.

"You are right, sir," he answered; "and if you won't think me very foolish, I should like to say something to you, now that Mr. Leo is out of the way" (Leo had got up early and gone for a stroll), "and that is that I know it is the last country as ever I shall see in this world. I had a dream last night, and I dreamed that I saw my old father, with a kind of night-shirt on him, something like these folks wear when they want to be in particular full dress, and a bit of that feathery grass in his hand, which he may have gathered on the way, for I saw lots of it yesterday about three hundred yards from the mouth of this beastly cave.

"'Job,' he said to me, solemn like, and yet with a kind of satisfaction shining through him, more like a Methody parson when he has sold a neighbor a marked horse for a sound one and cleared twenty pounds by the job than anything I can think on—'Job, time's up, Job; but I never did expect to have to come and hunt you out in this 'ere place, Job. Such ado as I have had to nose you up; it wasn't friendly to give your poor old father such a run, let alone that a wonderful lot of bad characters hail from this place Kôr.'"

"Come, come, Job," I said, seriously, "this is all nonsense, you know. You mustn't be silly enough to go getting such ideas into your head. We've lived through some queer things, and I hope that we may go on doing so."

"No, sir," answered Job, in a tone of conviction that jarred on me unpleasantly, "it isn't nonsense. I'm a doomed man, and I feel it, and a most uncomfortable feeling it is, sir, for one can't help wondering how it's going to come about. If you are eating your dinner you think of poison, and it goes against your stomach; and if you are walking along these dark rabbit burrows you think of knives, and Lord, don't you just shiver about the back! I ain't particular, sir, provided it's sharp, like that poor girl, who, now that she's gone, I am sorry to have spoke hard on, though I don't approve of her morals in getting married, which I consider too quick to be decent. Still, sir," and poor Job turned a shade paler as he said it, "I do hope it won't be that hot-pot game."

"Nonsense," I broke in, angrily—"nonsense!"

"Very well, sir," said Job; "it isn't my place to differ from you, sir; but if you happen to be going anywhere, sir, I should be obliged if you could manage to take me with you, seeing that I shall be glad to have a friendly face to look at when the time comes, just to help one through, as it were. And now, sir, I'll be getting the breakfast;" and he went, leaving me in a very uncomfortable state of mind. I was deeply attached to old Job, who was one of the best and honestest men I have ever had to do with in any class of life, and really more of a friend than a servant, and the mere idea of anything happening to him brought a lump into my throat. Beneath all his ludicrous talk I could see that he himself was quite convinced that something was going to happen, and though in most cases these convictions turn out to be utter moonshine—and this particular one especially was to be amply accounted for by the gloomy and unaccustomed surroundings in which its victim was placed—still it did more or less carry a chill to my heart, as anything that is obviously a genuine object of belief is apt to do, however absurd the belief may be.

Presently the breakfast arrived, and with it Leo, who had been taking a walk outside the cave—to clear his mind, he said—and very glad I was to see both, for they gave me a respite from my gloomy thoughts. After breakfast we went for another walk, and watched some of the Amahagger sowing a plot of ground with the grain from which they make their beer. This they did in Scriptural fashion—a man with a bag made of goat's hide fastened round his waist walking up and down the plot, and scattering the seed as he went. It was a positive relief to see one of these dreadful people do anything so homely and pleasant as sow a field, perhaps because it seemed to link them, as it were, with the rest of humanity.

As we were returning, Billali met us, and informed us that it was *She's* pleasure that we should wait upon her, and accordingly we entered her presence, not without trepidation, for Ayesha was certainly an exception to the rule. Familiarity with her might and did breed passion and wonder and horror, but it certainly did *not* breed contempt.

We were as usual shown in by the mutes, and after these had retired Ayesha unveiled, and once more bade Leo embrace her, which, notwithstanding his heart-searchings of the previous night, he did with more alacrity and fervor than in strictness courtesy required.

She laid her white hand on his head, and looked him fondly in the eyes. "Dost thou wonder, my Kallikrates," she said, "when thou shalt call me all thine own, and when we shall of a truth be for one another and to one another? I will tell thee. First, must thou be even as I am—not immortal, indeed, for that am I not, but so cased and hardened against the attacks of Time that his arrows shall glance from the armor of thy vigorous life as the sunbeams glance from water. As yet I may not mate with thee, for thou and I are different, and the very brightness of my being would burn thee up, and perchance destroy thee. Thou couldst not even bear to look upon me for too long a time, lest thine eyes should ache and thy senses swim, and therefore" (with a little coquettish nod) "shall I presently veil myself again." (This, by-the-way, she did not do.) "No: listen, thou shalt not be tried beyond endurance, for this very evening, an hour before the sun goes down, shall we start hence, and by to-morrow's dark, if all goes well, and the road is not lost to me, which I pray it may not be, shall we stand in the place of Life, and thou shalt bathe in the fire, and come forth glorified as no man ever was before thee; and then, Kallikrates, shalt thou call me wife, and I will call thee husband."

Leo muttered something in answer to this astonishing statement; I don't know what; and she laughed a little at his confusion, and went on:

"And thou too, O Holly; on thee also will I confer this boon, and then of a truth shalt thou be an evergreen-tree; and this will I do—well, because thou hast pleased me, Holly, for thou art not altogether a fool, like most of the sons of men, and because, though thou hast a school of philosophy as full of nonsense as those of the old days, yet hast thou not forgotten how to turn a pretty phrase about a lady's eyes."

"Hulloa, old fellow!" whispered Leo, with a return of his old cheerfulness, "have you been paying compliments? I should never have thought it of you!"

"I thank thee, O Ayesha," I replied, with as much dignity as I could command, "but if there be such a place as thou dost describe, and if in this strange place there can be found a fiery virtue that can hold off Death when he comes to pluck us by the hand, yet would I none of it."

"Nay, my Holly, there is love—love which makes all things beautiful, and doth breathe divinity into the very dust we tread. With love shall life roll gloriously on from year to year, like the voice of some great music that hath power to hold the hearer's heart poised on eagle's wings above the sordid shame and folly of the earth."

"It may be so," I answered; "but if the loved one prove a broken reed to pierce us, or if the loved be loved in vain—what then? Shall a man grave his sorrows upon a stone when he hath but need to write them on the water? Nay, O *She*, I will live my day and grow old with my generation, and die my appointed death, and be forgotten. For I do hope for an immortality to which the little span that perchance thou canst confer will be but as a finger's length laid against the measure of the great world; and, mark this, the immortality to which I look, and which my faith doth promise to me, shall be free from the bonds that here must tie my spirit down. For while the flesh endures, sorrow and evil and the scorpion whips of sin must endure also; but when the flesh hath fallen from us, then shall the spirit shine forth clad in the brightness of eternal good, and for its common air shall breathe so rare an ether of most noble thoughts that the highest aspiration of our manhood, or the purest incense of a maiden's prayer, would prove too earthly gross to float therein."

"Thou lookest high," answered Ayesha, with a little laugh, "and speakest clearly as a trumpet and with no uncertain sound. And yet methinks that but now didst thou talk of 'that unknown' from which the winding-sheet doth curtain us. But perchance thou seest with the eye of faith, gazing on this brightness that is to be through the painted glass of thy imagination. Strange are the pictures of the future that mankind can thus draw with this brush of faith and this many-colored pigment of imagination! Strange, too, that no one of them doth agree with another! I could tell thee. But there, what is the use? why rob a fool of his bauble? Let it pass, and I pray, O Holly, that when thou dost feel old age creeping slowly toward thyself, and the confusion of senility making havoc in thy brain, thou mayst not bitterly regret that thou didst cast away the imperial boon I would have given to thee. But so it hath ever been; man can never be content with that which his hand can pluck. If a lamp be in his reach to light him through the darkness, he must needs cast it down because it is no star. Happiness danceth ever a pace before him, like the marsh-fires in the swamps, and he must catch the fire, and he must hold the star. Beauty is naught to him, because there are lips more honey-sweet; and wealth is naught, because others can weigh him down with heavier shekels; and fame is naught, because there have been greater men than he. Thyself thou saidst it, and I turn thy words against thee. Well, thou dreamest that thou shalt pluck the star. I believe it not, and I think thee a fool, my Holly, to throw away the lamp."

I made no answer, for I could not—especially before Leo—tell her that since I had seen her face I knew that it would always be before my eyes, and that I had no wish to prolong an existence which must always be haunted and tortured by her memory, and by the last bitterness of unsatisfied love. But so it was, and so, alas, is it to this hour!

"And now," went on *She*, changing her tone and the subject together, "tell me, my Kallikrates, for as yet I know it not, how came ye to seek me here? Yesternight thou didst say that Kallikrates—him whom thou sawest—was thine ancestor. How was it? Tell me—thou dost not speak overmuch."

Thus adjured, Leo told her the wonderful story of the casket and of the potsherd that, written on by his ancestress, the Egyptian Amenartas, had been the means of guiding us to her. Ayesha listened intently, and, when he had finished, spoke to me:

"Did I not tell thee one day, when we did talk of good and evil, O Holly—it was when my beloved lay so ill—that out of good came evil, and out of evil good—that they who sowed knew not what the crop should be, nor he who struck, where the blow should fall? See, now: this Egyptian Amenartas, this child of the Nile who hated me, and whom even now I hate, for in a way she did prevail against me—see, now, she herself hath been the very means to bring her lover to mine arms. For her sake I slew him, and now, behold, through her he hath come back to me! She would have done me evil, and sowed her seeds that I might reap tares, and behold she hath given me more than all the world can give, and there is a strange square for thee to fit into thy circle of good and evil, O Holly.

"And so," she went on, after a pause—"and so she bade her son destroy me if he might, because I slew his father. And thou, my Kallikrates, art the father, as in a sense thou art likewise the son; and wouldst thou avenge thy wrong, and the wrong of that far-off mother of thine, upon me, O Kallikrates? See," and she slid to her knees and drew the white corsage still further down her ivory bosom—"see, here beats my heart, and there by thy side is a knife, heavy, and long, and sharp, the very knife to slay an erring woman with. Take it now, and be avenged. Strike, and strike home, so shalt thou be satisfied, Kallikrates, and go through life a happy man, because thou hast paid back the wrong, and obeyed the mandate of the past."

He looked at her, and then stretched out his hand and lifted her to her feet.

"Rise, Ayesha," he said, sadly; "well thou knowest that I cannot strike thee, no, not even for the sake of her whom thou slewest but last night. I am in thy power, and a very slave to thee. How can I kill thee?—sooner should I slay myself."

"Almost dost thou begin to love me, Kallikrates," she answered, smiling. "And now tell me of thy country—'tis a great people, is it not, with an empire like that of Rome? Surely thou wouldst return thither, and it is well, for I mean not that thou shouldst dwell in these caves of Kôr. Nay, when once thou art even as I am, we will go hence—fear not I shall find a means—and then shall we cross to this England of thine, and live as it becometh us to live. Two thousand years have I waited for the day when I should see the last of these hateful caves and this gloomy-visaged folk, and now it is at hand, and my heart bounds up to meet it like a child's toward its holiday. For thou shalt rule this England."

"But we have got a queen already," broke in Leo, hastily.

"It is naught, it is naught," said Ayesha; "she can be overthrown."

At this we both broke out into an exclamation of horror, and explained that we should as soon think of overthrowing ourselves.

"But here is a strange thing," said Ayesha, in astonishment; "a queen whom her people love! Surely the world must have changed since I dwelt in Kôr."

Again we explained that it was the character of monarchs that had changed, and that the one under whom we lived was venerated and beloved by all right-thinking people in her vast realms. Also we told her that real power in our country rested in the hands of the people, and that we were in fact ruled by the votes of the lower and least educated classes of the community.

"Ah," she said, "a democracy; then surely there is a tyrant, for I have long since seen that democracies, having no clear will of their own, in the end set up a tyrant, and worship him."

"Yes," I said, "we have our tyrants."

"Well," she answered, resignedly, "we can at any rate destroy these tyrants, and Kallikrates shall rule the land."

I instantly informed Ayesha that in England blasting was not an amusement that could be indulged in with impunity, and that any such attempt would meet with the consideration of the law, and probably end upon a scaffold.

"The law!" she laughed with scorn—"the law! Canst thou not understand, O Holly, that I am above the law, and so shall my Kallikrates be also? All human law will be to us as the north-wind to a mountain. Does the wind bend the mountain, or the mountain the wind? And now leave me, I pray thee, and thou too, my own Kallikrates, for I would get me ready against our journey; and so must ye both, and your servant also. But bring no great quantity of things with thee, for I trust that we shall be but three days gone. Then shall we return hither, and I will make a plan whereby we can bid farewell forever to these sepulchres of Kôr. Yes, surely thou mayst kiss my hand."

XXIII.

THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.

Our preparations did not take us very long. We put a change of clothing apiece and some spare boots into my Gladstone bag, also we took our revolvers and an express rifle each, together with a good supply of ammunition—a precaution to which, under Providence, we subsequently owed our lives over and over again. The rest of our gear, together with our heavy rifles, we left behind us.

A few minutes before the appointed time we once more attended in Ayesha's boudoir, and found her also ready, her dark cloak thrown over her winding-sheet like wrappings.

"Are ye prepared for the great venture?" she said.

"We are," I answered, "though for my part, Ayesha, I have no faith in it."

"Ah, my Holly," she said, "thou art of a truth like those old Jews—of whom the memory plagues me so sorely—unbelieving, and hard to accept that which they have not seen. But thou shalt see; for unless my mirror yonder lies"—and she pointed to the font of crystal water—"the path is yet open as it was of old time. And now let us start upon the new life which shall end—who knoweth where?"

"Ah," I echoed, "who knoweth where?" and we passed down into the great central cave, and out into the light of day. At the mouth of the cave we found a single litter with six bearers, all of them mutes, waiting, and with them I was relieved to see our old friend Billali, for whom I had conceived a sort of affection. It appeared that, for reasons not necessary to explain at length, Ayesha had thought it best that, with the exception of herself, we should proceed on foot, and this we were nothing loath to do, after our long confinement in caves, which, however suitable they might be for sarcophagi—a singularly inappropriate word, by-the-way, for these particular tombs, which certainly did not consume the bodies given to their keeping—were depressing habitations for breathing mortals like ourselves. Either by accident or by the orders of *She*, the space in front of the cave where we had beheld that awful dance was perfectly clear of spectators. Not a soul was to be seen, and consequently I do not believe that our departure was known to anybody except perhaps the mutes who waited on *She*, and they were, of course, in the habit of holding their tongues as to what they saw.

In a few minutes we were stepping out sharply across the great cultivated plain or lake bed framed like a vast emerald in its setting of frowning cliff, and had another opportunity of wondering at the extraordinary nature of the site chosen by these old people of Kôr for their capital, and at the marvellous amount of labor, ingenuity, and engineering skill that must have been brought into requisition by the founders of the city to drain so huge a sheet of water, and to keep it clear of subsequent accumulations. It is, indeed, so far as my experience goes, an unequalled instance of what man can do in the face of nature, for in my opinion such achievements as the Suez Canal or even the Mont Cenis Tunnel do not approach this ancient undertaking in magnitude.

When we had been walking for half an hour, enjoying ourselves exceedingly in the delightful cool which about this time of the day always appeared to descend upon the great plain of Kôr, and in some degree atoned for the want of any land or sea breeze, for all wind was kept off by the rocky mountain wall, we began to get a clear view of what Billali had informed us were the ruins of the great city. And even from that distance we could see how wonderful those ruins were, a fact that with every step we took became more evident. The city was not very large if compared to Babylon or Thebes, or other cities of remote antiquity; perhaps its outer wall contained some twelve square miles of ground, or a little more. Nor had the walls, so far as we could judge when we reached them, been very high, probably not more than forty feet, which was about their present height where they had not, through the sinking of the ground or some such cause, fallen into ruin. The reason of this, no doubt, was that the people of Kôr, being protected from any outside attack by far more tremendous ramparts than any that the hand of man could rear, only required them for show, and to guard against civil discord. But on the other hand they were as broad as they were high, built entirely of dressed stone, hewn, no doubt, from the vast caves, and surrounded by a great moat about sixty feet in width, some portions of which were still filled with water. About ten minutes before the sun finally sank we reached this moat, and passed down and through it, clambering across what evidently were the piled-up fragments of a great bridge in order to do so, and then with some little difficulty up the slope of the wall to its summit. I wish that it lay within the power of my pen to give some idea of the grandeur of the sight that then met our view. There, all bathed in the red glow of the sinking sun, were miles upon miles of ruins—columns, temples, shrines, and the palaces of kings, varied with patches of green bush. Of course the roofs of these buildings had long since fallen into decay and vanished, but owing to the extreme massiveness of the style of building, and to the hardness and durability of the rock employed, most of the party walls and great columns still remained standing.*

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1554.

Presently we came to an enormous pile, which we rightly took to be a temple, covering at least four acres of ground, apparently arranged in a series of courts, each one enclosing another of smaller size, on the principle of a Chinese nest of boxes, and separated one from the other by rows of huge columns. And whilst I think of it I may as well state a remarkable thing about the shape of these columns, which resembled none that I have ever seen or heard of, being made with a kind of waist in the centre, and swelling out above and below. At first we thought that the shape was meant to roughly symbolize or suggest the female form, as was a common habit amongst the ancient religious architects of all creeds. On the following day, however, as we went up the slopes of the mountain, we discovered a large quantity of the most stately-looking palms, of which the trunks grew exactly in this shape, and I have now no doubt that the first designer of those columns drew his inspiration from the graceful bends of those very palms, or rather their ancestors, which then, some eight or ten thousand years ago, as now beautified the slopes of the mountain that had once formed the shores of the volcanic lake.

At the *façade* of this huge temple, which, I should imagine, is almost as large as that of El-Karnac at Luxor, some of the largest columns, which I measured, being between eighteen and twenty feet in diameter at the base, by some sixty feet in height, our little procession was halted, and Ayesha descended from her litter.

"There used to be a spot here, Kallikrates," she said to Leo, who had run up to lift her down, "where one might sleep. Two thousand years ago did thou and I and that Egyptian snake rest therein, but since then have I not set foot here, nor any man, and perchance it has fallen," and, followed by the rest of us, she passed up a vast flight of broken and ruined steps into the outer court, and looked round into the gloom. Presently she seemed to recollect, and, walking a few paces along the wall to the left, halted.

"It is here," she said, and at the same time beckoned to the two mutes, who were loaded with provisions and our little belongings, to advance. One of them came forward, and soon produced a lamp and lit it from his brazier, for the Amahagger when on a journey nearly always carried with them a little lighted brazier, from which to provide fire. The tinder of this brazier was made of broken fragments of mummy carefully damped, and if the admixture of moisture was properly managed, this unholy compound would smoulder away for hours. As soon as the lamp was lit we entered the place before which Ayesha had stopped. It turned out to be a chamber hollowed in the thickness of the wall, and, from the fact of there still being a massive stone table in it, I should think that it had probably served as a living-room, perhaps for one of the door-keepers of the great temple.

Here we stopped, and after cleaning the place out and making it as comfortable as circumstances and the darkness would permit, we ate some cold meat, at least Leo, Job, and I did, for Ayesha, as I think I have said elsewhere, never touched anything except fruit and water. Whilst we were eating, the moon, which was at her full, rose above the mountain wall, and began to flood the place with silver.

"Wot ye why I have brought ye here to-night, my Holly?" said Ayesha, leaning her head upon her hand and watching the great orb as she rose, like some heavenly queen, above the solemn pillars of the temple. "I brought ye—nay, it is strange, but knowest thou, Kallikrates, that thou liest at this moment upon the very spot where thy dead body lay when I bore thee back to those caves of Kôr so many years ago? It all returns to my mind now. I can see it, and horrible is it to my sight," and she shuddered.

Here Leo jumped up, and hastily changed his seat. However the reminiscence might affect Ayesha, it clearly had few charms for him.

"I brought ye," went on Ayesha presently, "that ye might look upon the most wonderful sight that ever the eye of man beheld—the full-moon shining over ruined Kôr. When ye have done your eating—I would that I could teach thee to eat naught but fruit, Kallikrates, but that will come after thou hast laved in the fire; once I too ate flesh like a brute beast—when ye have done we will go out, and I will show you this great temple, and the God that men once worshipped therein."

Of course we got up at once, and started. And here again my pen fails me. To give a string of measurements and details of the various courts of the temple would only be wearisome, supposing that I had them, and yet I know not how I am to describe what we saw, magnificent as it was even in its ruin, almost beyond the power of realization. Court upon dim court, row upon row of mighty pillars—some of them (especially at the gateways) sculptured from pedestal to capital—space upon space of empty chambers that spoke more eloquently to the imagination than any crowded streets. And over all, the dead silence of the dead, the sense of utter loneliness, and the brooding spirit of the Past! How beautiful it was, and yet how drear! We did not dare to speak aloud. Ayesha herself was awed in the presence of an antiquity compared to which even her length of days was but a little thing; we only whispered, and our whispers seemed to run from column to column till they were lost in the quiet air. Bright fell the moonlight on pillar and court and shattered wall, hiding all their rents and imperfections in its silver garment, and clothing their hoar majesty with the peculiar glory of the night. It was a wonderful sight to see the full-moon looking down on the ruined fane of Kôr. It was a wonderful thing to think for how many thousands of years the dead orb above and the dead city below had gazed thus upon each other, and in the utter solitude of space poured forth each to each the tale of their lost life and long-departed glory. The weird light fell, and minute by minute the quiet shadows crept across the grass-grown courts like the spirits of old priests haunting the habitations of their worship—the weird light fell, and the long shadows grew till the beauty and grandeur of the scene and the untamed majesty of its present Death seemed to sink into our very souls, and speak more loudly than the tongues of trumpets concerning the pomp and splendor that the grave had swallowed, and even memory had forgotten.

"Come," said Ayesha, after we had gazed and gazed, I know not for how long, "and I will show you the stony flower of Loveliness and Wonder's very crown, if yet it stands to mock time with its beauty and fill the heart of man with longing for that which is behind the veil," and, without waiting for an answer, she led us through two more pillared courts into the inner shrine of the old fane.

And there, in the centre of the inmost court, that might have been some fifty yards square, or a little more, we stood face to face with what is perhaps the grandest allegorical work of Art that the genius of her children has ever given to the world. For in the exact centre of the court, placed upon a thick square slab of rock, was a huge round ball of dark stone, some forty feet in diameter, and standing on the ball was a colossal winged figure of a beauty so entrancing and divine that when I first gazed upon it, illumined and shadowed as it was by the soft light of the moon, my breath stood still, and for an instant my heart ceased its beating.

The statue was hewn from marble so pure and white that even now, after all those ages, it shone as the moonbeams danced upon it, and its height was, I should say, a trifle under twenty feet. It was the winged figure of a woman of such marvellous loveliness and delicacy of form that the size seemed rather to add to than to detract from its so human and yet more spiritual beauty. She was bending forward, and poising herself upon her half-spread wings as though to preserve her balance as she leant. Her arms were outstretched, like those of some woman about to embrace one she dearly loved, while her whole attitude gave an impression of the tenderest beseeching. Her perfect and most gracious form was nude—save, and here came the extraordinary thing—the face, which was thinly veiled, so that we could only trace the marking of her features. A gauzy veil was thrown round and about the head, and of its two ends, one fell down across her left breast, which was outlined beneath it, and one, now broken, streamed away upon the air behind her.

"What is she?" I asked, as soon as I could take my eyes off the statue.

"Canst thou not guess, O Holly?" answered Ayesha. "Where, then, is thy imagination? It is Truth standing on the World, and calling to its children to unveil her face."

Then, with one more look at the veiled and spiritualized loveliness, which was so perfect and so pure that one might almost fancy that the light of a living spirit shone through the marble prison to lead man on to high ethereal thoughts—this poet's dream of beauty frozen into stone, which I never shall forget while I live, though I find myself so helpless when I attempt to describe it, we turned and went back through the vast moonlit courts to the spot whence we had started. I never saw the statue again, which I the more regret because on the great ball of stone representing the world whereon the figure stood lines were drawn, that probably, had there been light enough, we should have discovered to be a map of the universe, as it was known to the people of Kôr. It is at any rate suggestive of some scientific knowledge that these worshippers of Truth had recognized the fact that the globe is round.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ARKANSAS WATERING-PLACE.

Dr. Alvah Jackson's eye-water had a wide reputation in Arkansas nearly thirty years ago. It was supposed to be some quack preparation, but in reality it was nothing but the water from a spring in the Ozark Mountains, in the northwestern corner of that State, which the doctor discovered while on a hunting expedition with his son in 1858. Learning its curative value from the effect on the inflamed eyes of his companion, he turned his knowledge shrewdly to his own advantage. Wounded Confederates from Pea Ridge, Piny Grove, and other battle-fields enjoyed the healing waters while inmates of a hospital there; but Eureka Springs, as the present thriving settlement of 5000 inhabitants is named, was not born until 1879. An almost miraculous cure of Judge Saunders from erysipelas and dropsy, in ten weeks, created in that year a rush of invalids to the springs from all parts of the State. As they regained health and strength, many made their homes on the hill-sides near the marvellous waters. Most of them were poor, and the city has grown up in this quaintly picturesque valley shut in by rolling hills like a mushroom mining camp—a motley collection of scattered shanties, log cabins (rough log structures of one room and one story high, with peaked roof), and frame buildings clinging to the rocky slopes, which are dotted with oaks and scraggy pines. Within a year the railroad has penetrated into this remote corner, and brought this primitive frontier town to the notice of the outer world, while enterprising and energetic capitalists have placed on the hill, 2000 feet above the sea, a fine four-story turreted gray-stone hotel to attract the tourist and health-seeker.

They have put about a quarter of a million of dollars in the branch railroad, which connects with the San Francisco line at Seligman, and in the Crescent Hotel. The latter, which was opened in May last, will accommodate three hundred guests, and is admirably appointed with all the latest hotel conveniences, and well conducted. It is open all the year round. Its patrons and the natives tell stories of wonderful cures, which seem to be well authenticated. Blindness, rheumatism, cancer, dropsy, Bright's disease, gout, paralysis, malaria, dyspepsia, and eczema are among the diseases which have yielded to the peculiar properties of the springs. Chemists and physicians acknowledge their inability satisfactorily to explain the power of the water. It flows abundantly from forty-two springs within a radius of five miles, the most noted being the Basin, and pours forth clear as a crystal, tasteless, odorless, and gasless. Analysis shows in the gallon but 5.85 grains of solid matter, principally bicarbonate of lime, and 28.52 cubic inches of gas, mostly nitrogen and oxygen. The most plausible explanation is that from its great osmotic property it rapidly filters through the tissues of the body, literally washing out all impurities. The invigorating air of the region is also believed to be a material aid to convalescence. Eureka Springs is situated in a most interesting region. The scenery is novel and picturesque, the habits and customs of the inhabitants are odd and curious, and the life abounds in strange and unusual phases. A mile and a half up the valley, opposite the Crescent Hotel, is a family of cave-dwellers, six in all—father, mother, and four children. For four years, under the shadow of a great rock, and in a semicircular room twenty-five feet long and twelve wide at the widest point, with an arched smoke-begrimed roof, starting at the floor in the rear and rising to a height of six feet at the entrance, the dwellers have lived, the children growing up in a semi-barbarous condition, and the parents lapsing back toward that stage. This unique home is only one of the many rare sights to be found among the Ozark Mountains.

TUXEDO PARK.

Tuxedo Park is the most recent addition to the fashionable suburban resorts of New York. About forty miles from the city, in the beautiful lake region of New Jersey, Mr. Pierre Lorillard selected for a park 6000 acres of forest, near the centre of which is a clear lake two miles or more in length, with picturesque scenery about it. The land is undulatory, and within this area there are long stretches of level and steep hills. It is an ideal situation for a pleasure-ground. Mr. Lorillard set about improving it with as great generosity as the topography required to make it the most attractive resort, perhaps, in the United States. The forest was fenced, and stocked with game; and where the Erie Railroad touches the property a picturesque railway station has been erected. Here the village of Tuxedo Park has been built.

The club's well-filled stables are here, and a group of neat cottages for the guards and servants. From the station the road leads under a rustic archway into the park. A drive of more than a mile brings one to the lake. But before the lake is reached the visitor comes within view of some of the cottages, which stand at irregular distances from each other and from the lake, every one picturesquely situated, and every one different in design from the rest. Mr. Lorillard has already built thirteen of these cottages, some of which have been bought, and others hired for this winter by members of the club. Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, Mr. James Breese, Dr. Morris Henry, Mr. H. Victor Newcomb, Miss Breese, Mr. Travers Van Buren, Mr. Edward Livingston, Mr. Grenville Kane, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, and Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jun., are among the owners and present occupants of these cottages. Others have been planned, and are soon to be built.

The engineers have been as busy for a year as the architect and builders, and the macadamized roads that wind through the park are so graded as to make delightful drives on every side of the lake and around the bases of the hills. The park is well stocked with small game and the lake with fish. The natural beauty of the scenery has not been defaced by any ill-directed effort at ornamentation, but no admissible decoration or convenience has been forgotten. The posts along the drives, for instance, are surmounted with colored lanterns; and there is a red flag on a picturesque hill-top, which is a "warning to hesitating lovers" that the beauty of the place will turn their thoughts to love. Everywhere there is a pleasant surprise for the pleasure-seeker, and every convenience has been provided that experience or fancy can suggest for rest or sport.

Near one end of the lake is the club-house. An English gentleman, who is a member of most of the famous clubs in Europe, recently remarked, when he visited Tuxedo Park, that this club-house is the most complete and the best planned one that he had ever seen. Its gables present a very pretty architectural effect, and its design, with a large extension supplementing the main building, and broad piazzas on every side, successfully prevents the appearance of hugeness; for the building covers nearly two acres. This and all the cottages are the architectural work of Mr. Bruce Price. The club-house stands on a little eminence, from which the lawn slopes to the lake. The main hall extends half-way the building, and ends in a large circle, from which the stairways lead. On the main floor are the parlors, the reading-rooms and writing-rooms, the main dining-room, and the café; and at the end of the hall on the same floor is the entrance to the ball-room and theatre. The floor of this circular room, which is seventy-five feet in diameter, is a mosaic of hard woods so inlaid with iron grooves that one piece is not removable without taking up the whole floor.

The claim has been made for it that it is the handsomest ball-room in the United States. When it is used as a ball-room, the musicians occupy a platform at one side, but when the room is converted into a theatre, the platform becomes a stage as large as the stage of the Madison Square Theatre in New York. The room is one of the most attractive auditoriums ever constructed. The ceiling is an immense dome, supported by large beams which curve to the apex, decorated in blue and gold. From every beam is suspended a chandelier of twenty-five candle-stick gas-lights.

Adjacent to the ball-room is the main dining-room, the ceiling of which is of carved wood beams, and the walls are a dull red. To the left of the hall are the parlors, with their pale blue ceilings and orange walls. The furnishing of the hall itself is exceedingly rich. The decorations and furniture of the whole house are in keeping with its generous design. The club-house contains a hundred sleeping-rooms. In the extension are the ten-pin alleys, billiard-rooms, and the like. In the basement there are kitchens for the hundred servants of the club, gun-closets, where every member's sporting outfit has a separate receptacle, wine-cellars, ice-rooms, barber's shop, creamery, and the like.

The engineers and builders are yet at work, and many additional improvements are to be made. A pigeon-shooting ground, a polo ground, a number of swimming baths, and a tennis-court will be laid out and equipped. The drives will be made longer; and there is no sport or diversion to which the members of the club will not be tempted, so generous is the plan which Mr. Lorillard has made and is executing for this ideal suburban resort.

"BOB WHITE."

Just now, beyond the turmoil and the din
Of crowded streets that city walls shut in,
I heard the whistle of a quail begin—
"Bob White! Bob White!"
So faintly and far away falling,
It seemed that a dream voice was calling,
"Bob White! Bob White!"
How the old sights and sounds come thronging,
And thrill me with a sudden longing!

Through quiet country lanes the sunset shines,
Fence corners where the wild rose climbs and twines,
And blooms in tangled blackberry vines—
"Bob White! Bob White!"
I envy you home-going swallow;
Oh, but swiftly to rise and follow—
Follow its flight!
Follow it back with happy flying,
Where green-clad hills are calmly lying.

Wheat fields whose golden silences are stirred
By whirring insect wings, and naught is heard
But plaintive callings of that one sweet word,
"Bob White! Bob White!"
And a smell of the clover growing
In the meadow-lands ripe for mowing,
All red and white,
Over the shady creek comes sailing,
Past willows in the water trailing.

Tired heart, 'tis but in dreams I turn my feet
Again to wander in the ripening wheat,
And hear the whistle of the quail repeat
"Bob White! Bob White!"
But, oh! there is joy in the knowing
That somewhere green pastures are growing,
Though out of sight;
And the light on those church spires dying,
On the old home meadow is lying.

Annie J. Fellows.

A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

A correspondent of the *Levant Herald*, writing from Selenitza, gives an account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that Albanian village. They number about 150 souls, are (the correspondent says) steeped to the lips in superstition, and as improvident as they are uncleanly. No person has more than a single suit of clothes, which, if wet, must dry on the body; for it is never taken off except on washing days, when the good folks are said to remain unclothed while their scanty linen undergoes the highly necessary process of being scrubbed with pebbles in the village brook. Beds they have not, beyond the sheep-skin cloaks which seldom leave their shoulders. They sleep on the mud floors of their wattled huts, with cocks and hens roosting overhead in the thick smoke which only escapes through holes in the thatched roof. The sick have a hard time. A first principle in the case of illness is that the patient cannot possibly eat. Killing a fowl for soup or buying a bit of wheat bread—Indian-corn is their chief food—is undreamt-of extravagance. Not that the Selenitzans are economical. On the contrary, they are confirmed spendthrifts, especially the women, who dote on brass trinkets and the like vanities. But what, they argue, can persons suffering from small-pox or scarlatina want with food; and in physic their faith is slight. Instead of wasting money on drugs, the evil spirit must be exorcised: so the witch is called in. She comes, mumbles her incantations, pockets a few piastres, and vanishes, happy that the fools still outnumber the rogues in southern Albania. As a natural consequence the survival of the fittest is the rule at Selenitza, and generally speaking, the rude coffin may be knocked together directly a dangerous disease declares itself. To do the people justice, when a father or child has succumbed to the common neglect, their family shows no indecent haste in forgetting the departed one. Two or three times a year all the villagers carry chickens, hard-boiled eggs, and other delicacies to the graveyard, and discuss them, among weeds and bones, in memory of the dead.

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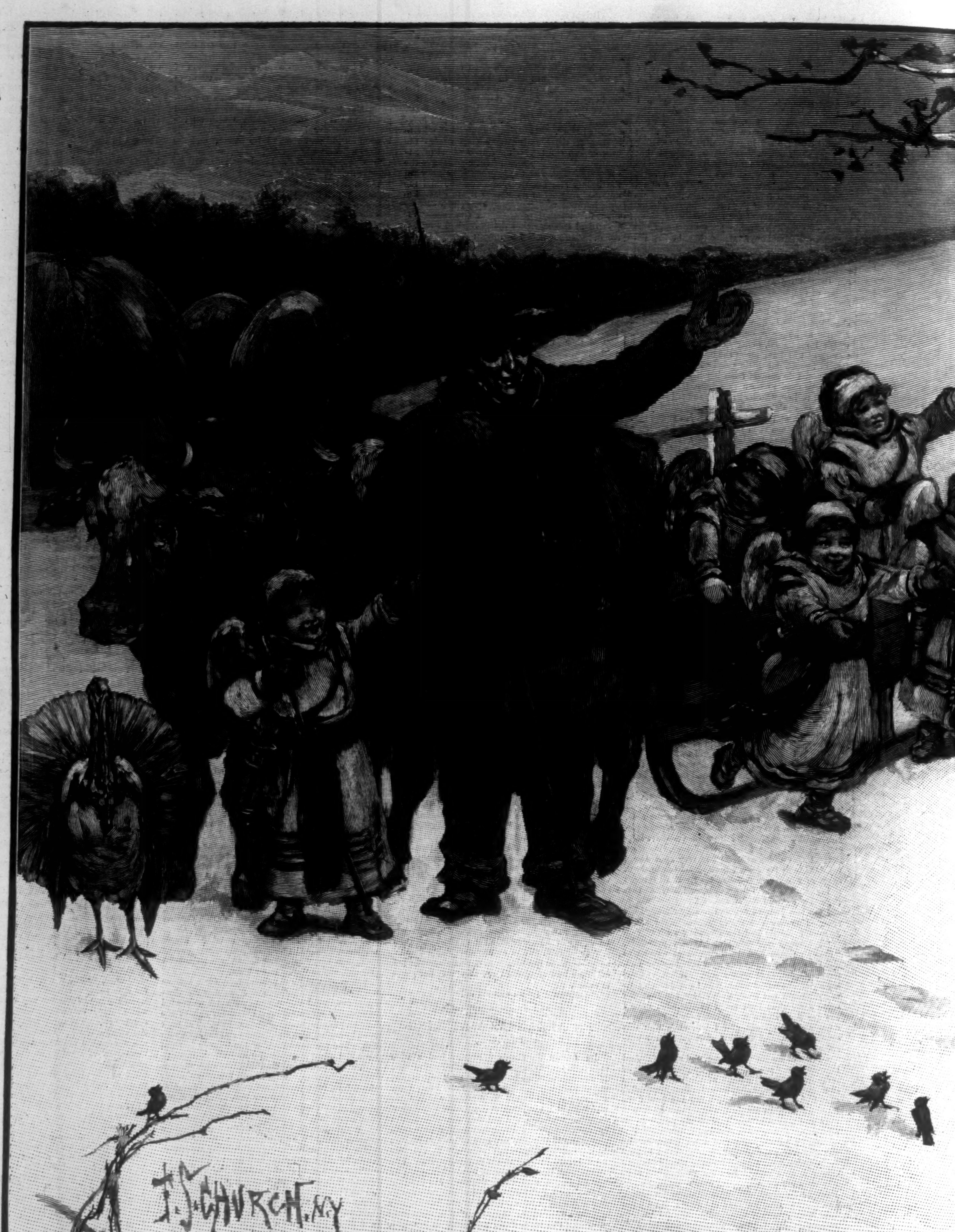
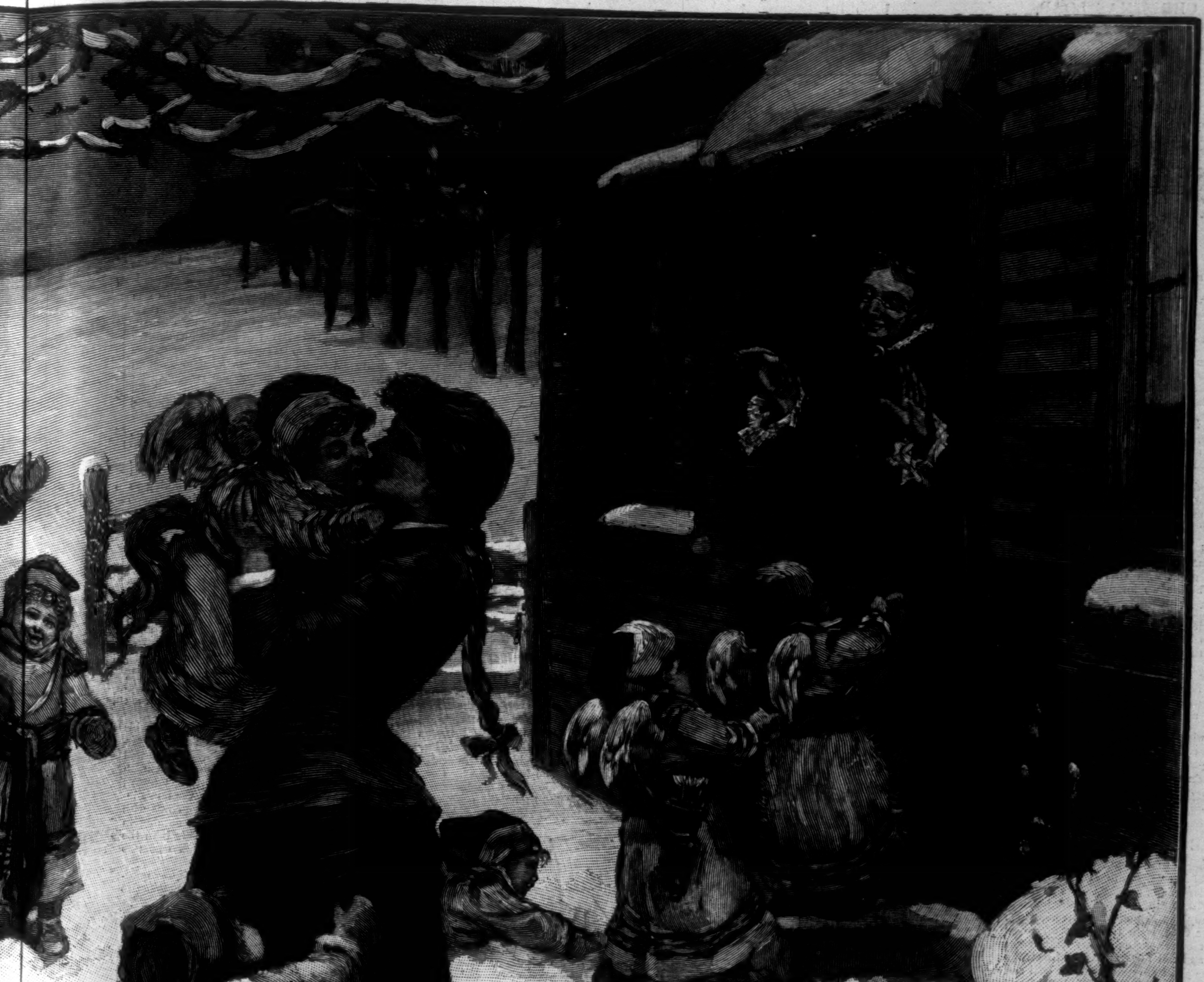
* In connection with the extraordinary state of preservation of these ruins after so vast a lapse of time—at least six thousand years—it must be remembered that Kôr was not burnt or destroyed by an enemy or an earthquake, but deserted, owing to the action of a terrible plague. Consequently the houses were left unharmed; also the climate of the plain is remarkably fine and dry, and there is very little rain, the result of which is that these relics have only to contend against the unaided action of time, which works but slowly upon such massive blocks of masonry.—L. H. H.


F. S. CHURCH, N.Y.
XMAS 1886.

“HERE'S A JOLLY CHRISTMAS LOAD.”—DRA



AWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 830.]

A JOLLY CHRISTMAS LOAD.

(See double-page picture by F. S. Church.)

'Twas cold outside, an' so, says I,
I can rest me, now the chores is done.
The wind is sharp; there's a threatenin' sky;
A snow-storm's just begun.

I gave the logs a livenin' poke,
An' settled down for an easy spell,
My cider near, an' my pipe to smoke,
The fire a-burnin' well.

When all at once I thinks t' myself
Of the parson's dues I'd ought to pay,
A-lyin' there on the chimney-shelf—
I got the last to-day.

So out I went. The old ox team
Was standin' there on the nigh cross-road.
You should ha' seen them critters steam;
The wind it sang and blowed.

So off we went. 'Twas precious slow.
I gave the parson his quarter's pay.
"I'm glad to get it," says he; "you know
To-morrer's Christmas Day."

I kissed his young 'uns, said good-by,
An' back I started the other half,
When all at once—may I hope to die
Ef I didn't hear a laugh!

"Hello!" says I, a-turnin' round;
"Who be ye, sir?" an' I up an' smiled,
For there was standin' on the ground
The smallest little child.

He laughed again. "I want a ride.
I'm not alone; can you take us all?
Can you take me in and the rest beside?"
I grinned. "'Twill be a haul."

So in I packed 'em, every one.
I tell ye what, 'twas a jolly load.
'Twas no time goin', with all the fun;
We's home before we knowed.

Ma stood a-waitin' at the door;
An' Sally cried, "Why, the darlin' things!"
An' kissed 'em all, while I said: "Oh, lor!
D'you see? they've all got wings!"

It stumped me so I laughed out loud,
When, lo 'n' behold! th' hull thing was gone—
The old ox team, an' the jolly crowd—
An' I woke up some forlorn.

But ma said, when I told my dream,
"Well, folks don't reckon the loads they
brings;
You took your'n cheerful, an' so, 't 'd seem,
You saw *your* blessin's wings."

Julie M. Lippmann.

THE COAL FLEET.

In this number of the Weekly we give a sketch of a stern-wheel steamer pushing coal barges out from Davis Island dam, to take their way to the Southwest. Pittsburgh, situated at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, which there form the Ohio, is in the midst of a coal country, and receives an enormous quantity of coal by river and rail for transfer and distribution. It is the great shipping port for coal and coke to points on the Ohio and Mississippi, and a large part of this goes by the Ohio in barges when the river is in flood, or until navigation is closed by ice. The barges are also frequently seen on the sides of the steamers, careful provision being made against their lurching against the motive machinery.

The Monongahela Valley yields large quantities of coal and coke, which are floated in barges not only to Cincinnati and Louisville, but as far as New Orleans. The coal and coke industry of the district around Pittsburgh was estimated at the last census as employing a capital of about $27,000,000 and nearly 24,000 laborers, while making an aggregate annual output of nearly 11,000,000 tons. Since then, no doubt, the figures have greatly increased; but of late they have doubtless been modified by the general introduction of natural gas into the furnaces of factories in the city for use as a fuel instead of coal.

The aggregate steam tonnage of Pittsburgh in the census already quoted was given at 36,845, divided among 163 vessels; but the barges, which form a main feature of the fleet, numbered alone more than 3000, with a tonnage of more than 1,300,000. As railways take coal advantageously to other points, nearly all this tonnage is employed in carrying coal down the Ohio. The fleets start when the river is raised through freshets, as it is only navigable through a part of the year. When this occurs, a fleet of steamers may be seen, each towing an average of perhaps a dozen coal-laden barges, sometimes almost covering the river between the banks, and stretching for a long distance up and down the stream.

THE NEW WAR VESSELS.

Another step toward the reconstruction of the navy has now been taken in the award of contracts for three new steel cruisers and two gunboats, authorized by Congress.

The cruiser *Charleston*, of 3700 tons displacement, is to be built by the Union Iron-Works, of San Francisco, for the price of $1,017,500. The plans call for a duplicate, as nearly as possible, of the famous Japanese *Naniwa Kan*, one of the fastest war ships afloat. Her length between perpendiculars is 300 feet; extreme breadth, 46; draught, 17½ forward and 19¼ aft. Her hull is of steel, with double bottom under the machinery, and a steel protective deck over it, from ram to stern-post. The edges of this convex deck come four feet below the load water-line, and its crown one foot above it. Between this deck, which is two or three inches thick, and the main-deck, are transverse bulkheads, forming many water-tight compartments, occupied as coal-bunkers, store-rooms, chain-lockers, and torpedo-rooms. The hold has similar compartments. The conning tower is protected by two inches of steel armor. The battery consists of two 10-inch 28-ton breech-loading rifles, on central pivots, one forward and the other aft, and six 6-inch, three on each broadside. There is a secondary battery of machine guns and torpedoes. The most noticeable feature is her engines, which are of a horizontal, compound type, actuating three-bladed twin screws. They produce 7500 indicated horsepower under forced draught, and with this the *Naniwa Kan* ran 18.9 knots over a ten-mile course at load draught. If the *Charleston* nearly equals her prototype—and she is guaranteed to give 7000 horse-power—she will make more than 18 knots. The *Boston* and *Atlanta*, of the previous set of new steel cruisers, though of 3000 tons displacement, are to develop only 3500 horsepower, and only 14 knots is expected of them. The *Charleston* will have two "military" masts, with no sail power except storm-sails, and will usually carry 450 tons of coal, but can carry 800. Her endurance at 10 knots is about 8600 miles; at 8 knots, about 11,000 miles. The *Naniwa Kan* has a complement of 325 officers and men, but the *Charleston's* may be smaller.

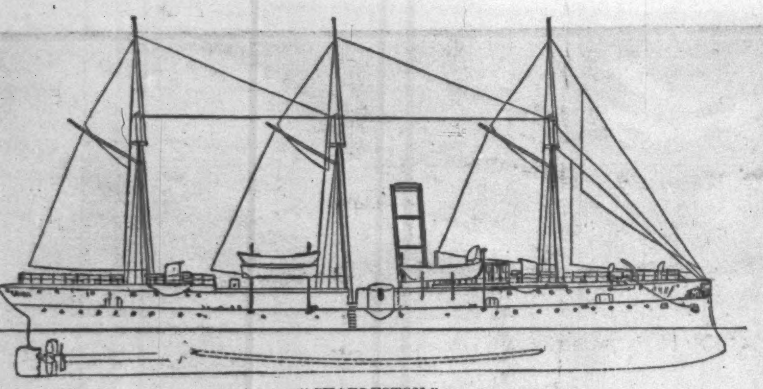
The *Newark*, a twin-screw 4000-ton steel cruiser, designed by the navy bureaus, received no bids within the prescribed limit, and hence her construction will be postponed. Her length is 310 feet; extreme beam, 49⅙; mean draught, 18¾. She will be bark-rigged, with 1200 square feet of plain sail. Her engines are to develop 8500 indicated horse-power with forced draught, and 6000 with natural, giving a maximum estimated speed of 18 knots. She can carry 850 tons of coal, will have a battery of twelve 6-inch breech-loading rifles and a secondary battery, and a complement of 300 men. What we have said of the *Charleston's* protective steel deck, double bottom under the machinery, water-tight compartments, and so on, will apply to the *Newark*, and indeed to the remaining cruiser and the gunboats, with modifications in dimensions. The *Newark* has an open gun-deck. Four guns can concentrate within 400 feet of bow or stern, and each broadside of six guns within 100 feet of the ship's side. Electric lights and torpedo-launching tubes are to be put in the vessel.

The largest cruiser is the *Baltimore*, of 4400 tons displacement, to be built by Cramp & Sons for $1,325,000. She is modelled, we believe, on a plan purchased by the Navy Department from the Thompsons, on the Clyde, who are building for the Spanish government the *Reina Regente*, expected to be the fastest war vessel in the world. The appliances for speed, offence and defence, already described in the cases of the *Charleston* and *Newark*, will be found in the *Baltimore*. Her machinery is guaranteed to produce 9000 indicated horse-power—the maximum in our navy. Comparing the *Chicago*, of 4500 tons displacement, with the *Baltimore*, of 4400 tons, the machinery of the former, weighing 930 tons, is only required to develop 5000 horse-power, making 15 knots, while the latter, with machinery weighing only 900 tons, must develop 9000 horse-power, probably reaching 19 knots.

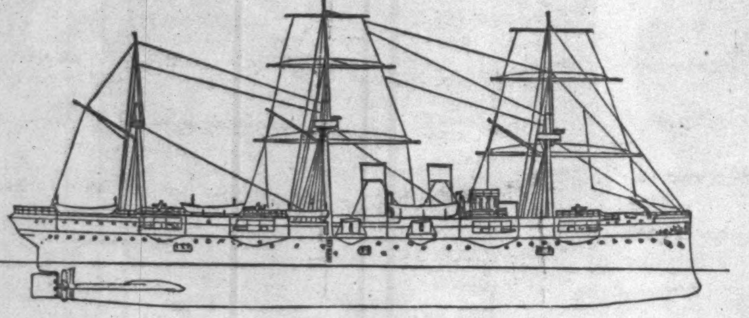
Of the two gun-boats, the one of 1700 tons is much the more important. She is to be built by Cramp & Sons. Her length is 230 feet; extreme beam, 36; mean draft, 14. Her indicated horsepower will be 2200 with natural draught and 3200 with forced, producing a maximum estimated speed of 16 knots. Her rig will be that of a top-sail schooner, her coal capacity 400 tons, her complement 150 men. She will have six 6-inch breech-loading rifles and a secondary battery. She will be unsheathed, and built of steel, with heavy framing. The guns are managed in the two gun-boats, which are both designed by the navy bureaus, as in the *Newark*, already spoken of. The larger gun-boat, like the *Newark*, has a belt of coal nine feet deep in the bunkers around the machinery.

The 870-ton gun-boat is to have a length of 175 feet, a breadth of 31, and a mean draught of 11⅚. Her horse-power will be 900, increased by forced combustion to 1350, giving an estimated speed of twelve knots. She will carry 100 men, 160 tons of coal, four 6-inch guns, and a secondary battery. She will be constructed by the Columbia Iron-Works, of Baltimore, on the composite system, that is, with a frame of steel, but with outer planking and decks of wood.

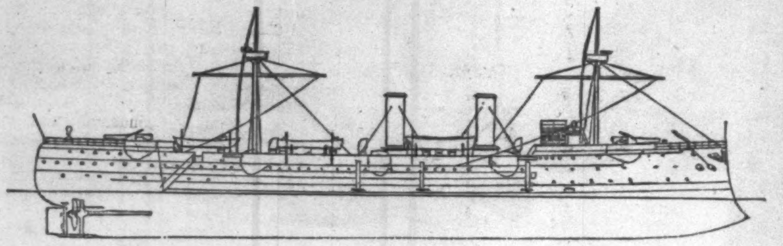
All these vessels are expected to attain the highest speed known to war ships of their various classes. In order to do this, Secretary Whitney has purchased and used the plans of famous English ship-builders, who have had more experience than our own of late years in constructing marine engines for war ships. While the requirements of speed have been made so high, the contractors agree, under severe penalties, to complete the vessels with promptness—the cruisers within eighteen months and the gun-boats within twelve.



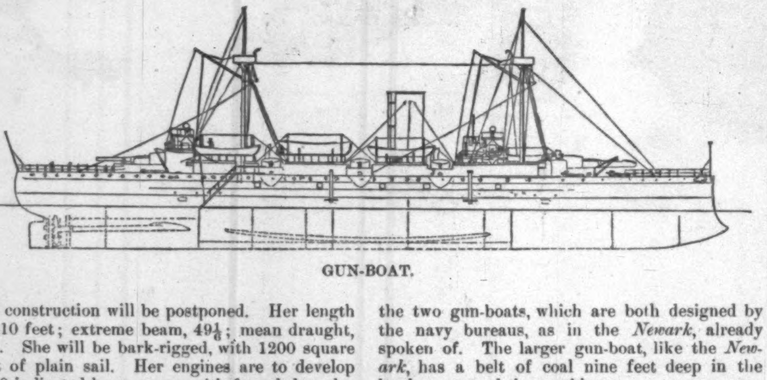
"CHARLESTON."



"NEWARK."



"BALTIMORE."



GUN-BOAT.

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men,"
"The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They
Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLII.—(*Continued.*)

OF THE COURT-MARTIAL.

Then the Second Lieutenant of the ship was called, and he gave evidence that he was at his station on the main-deck when the action began, and testified to the disgust of the men when they learned that the ship was surrendered. This was the more astonishing to them as their Captain had the reputation of uncommon courage. At first the men refused to believe that the vessel was surrendered, and called upon each other to fight it out.

The Third Lieutenant gave similar evidence, adding that, had not the men been fully convinced of the Captain's bravery and judgment, there would have been a mutiny on board; and that they thought the ship must be sinking at least, or dangerously on fire, or that it was some stratagem, counterfeit, or design by which the Captain thought to fool the enemy, and that they looked at each other and laughed aloud, waiting for the word to lay the guns, and fire. Further, that the enemy did not believe it possible that a British ship should thus cowardly be yielded up, and continued to fire upon the *Calypso*, the shot passing through the rigging and the sails, but doing no further mischief. Nor did the men believe that the ship was surrendered until the French boat came alongside, and the Captain gave the word to back the sails and lay down arms, which they all did with a very bad grace, yet still persuaded that something fatal had happened to the ship, and that the colors were struck to save their lives.

The Lieutenant of Marines deposed that his men were drawn up in readiness on the quarter-deck and fo'k'sle, and stated plainly that he had no doubt of the issue, because the Frenchman had only one thought—namely, to get away; and, in his opinion, it had been the Captain's intention to attack and take all three ships with the help of the *Resolute;* and that nothing in the world had ever surprised him more than the strange behavior of the Captain, from whom so much had been expected.

Captain Easterbrook declined to ask any questions of these witnesses. Was he, then, going to make no attempt at a defence?

They called the Purser, who put in the Captain's log-book, which is always done on these trials, I am told, but I do not know why. And then I thought we should surely proceed to the defence, because there could be no doubt of the main fact—namely, that the Captain had certainly struck the colors.

But they delayed the case in order to call the Master, who confirmed the First Lieutenant's evidence as to the preparations for engaging the enemy; and the Gunner, who also confirmed the evidence; and the bo's'n and the carpenter, who added little to the evidence already before the Court, except the fact that when the men were under hatches and knew what had been done, the swearing and cursing of the crew were strong enough to lift the decks.

"Gentlemen," said the Deputy Judge-Advocate, "there is no other evidence before the Court."

"Stay," said the President; "call the Marine of whose conduct in the recapture of the ship Lieutenant Macdonald hath spoken."

So they called Aaron Fletcher.

When this witness stepped forward, looking, it must be confessed, a much smarter and finer man in his scarlet coat than he ever looked as a landsman, Jack's face flushed. It was his fate never to be out of reach of this man's animosity. Twice had Aaron tried to take his life, when that was most worth having. Once he had saved his life when he himself had most ardently desired to lose it. Now he was present to give evidence in the hour of his open humiliation.

"I thought," he told me afterward, "that I had drained the whole cup. But the bitterest drop was when that man stood before me, as if Bess, poor girl! had not yet forgiven me, and had sent her old lover to gloat over my discomfiture. She hath forgiven me, however; therefore I need not have been troubled."

The Court ordered the man to be sworn, and bade him relate all that he knew concerning the affair, and particularly as to the retaking of the ship from the French.

"I was on the fo'k'sle," said Aaron, speaking boldly, and no whit abashed at the solemnity of the Court and the rank of the Judges—"I was on the fo'k'sle with the rest of the company, drawn up and armed, the muskets being loaded and inspected, waiting for the word to fire, which would have been in a few minutes, as we expected. Then a shot from the enemy struck our bows, and the wood went flying, but no one that I could see was hurt. And then I saw the Captain strike the flag and cut down the First Lieutenant. 'Mates,' I whispered, presently, 'either the ship is sinking or the Captain has lost his stomach for the fight. If she sinks, we go to Davy's Locker; if he's played the coward, he will swing.'" As he said these words he turned his face to Jack with a look of triumph in his eyes. "We were all sent down below," he continued, "when the Frenchmen came aboard, and there we staid, with no arms and short rations. Two days afterward I was on deck, taking my spell of fresh air with the others—about a dozen men in all. We were leaning against the bulwarks, wishing the job were over, and cursing the Captain, who was sitting on the quarter-deck on the trunnions of a carronade, his hands on his knees, staring straight before him as if he saw the rope dangling before his eyes, already noosed for him. Suddenly I saw him spring from his place and catch the French officer, who was walking the deck, by the throat, and shake him like a dog. Then he threw him on the deck, where the Frenchman lay stunned and half dead, and he tore his sword from him; then he rushed upon one of the sentries and cut him down, and attacked the other. Some of the Frenchmen, seeing what was done, cried out in their own lingo and ran aft, some firing pistols and some drawing cutlasses; whereupon I called out to my mates and seized a rammer—which was the best thing for a weapon I could come at—and ran after them, and so to the Captain's side, for I plainly saw that his design was to kill as many of the Frenchmen as he could, and to be killed himself, which I resolved to prevent if I could. And then the other Englishmen joined me, and in a very few minutes we had half of the prize crew killed or wounded, and the other half crying for quarter; but the Captain was so furious that for some time he would give none, throwing himself upon all such as had weapons and would fight. Hard work I had to save him. But I did. When 'twas all over there wasn't a scratch upon him. I saved him, your Honors. With a rammer I saved his life."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

"Your courage," said the President, "does you credit. I shall take care that it is duly represented to the Colonel of your regiment, and if your conduct is reported as equal to your gallantry, you will not go without your reward. The Captain, you think, sought for death?"

"No one," said Aaron, "who did not want to be killed could have behaved as he did. Before the enemy called for quarter we had driven them together in the waist, where they were shouting and threatening to charge us with pikes and bayonets, but we had weapons by this time, and were ready to receive them. But they did not charge, because the Captain leaped into the middle of them with nothing but his sword in his hand, laying about him like a madman. He was sober and in his senses when he cowardly hauled down the flag, but he was now, when he attacked the prize crew, gone stark mad. If he hadn't been mad, and not known what he was about, we should never have taken the ship."

"And you leaped after him?" asked one of the Court.

"I had my rammer, which was almost as good as a quarter-staff; and I'd rather have a quarter-staff than a sword any day, or a pike either, if there's room for play."

"And this you did out of devotion or loyalty to your Captain?" asked the President, astonished at the man's coolness, and the deliberation with which he gave his evidence.

"Nay, nay," he replied, grinning again; "I saved his life because I should have been sorry to see him die like a brave man. All I wanted was to see him swing, your Honors, for striking his colors."

These words produced a sensation in the Court, and all eyes were turned upon this witness, who, though but a simple Marine, carried devotion to his country's honor unto so great a height. But the officers of the *Calypso* whispered together, and I heard such words passed from one to the other as "rascal," "six dozen," "the first chance," "not good enough for him," and so forth, from which I conjectured that Aaron would find a warm welcome if he went to sea again on board this vessel. I think he must have heard the whispers, but he cared nothing for them; he was now enjoying a revenge sweeter far than any he had ever dreamed of or hoped for. This was, indeed, far better than to have murdered the Captain with his own hand.

Therefore he turned his ugly face to the prisoner, and grinned with the satisfaction of his ignoble triumph. The Court, however, seemed to take the words for an outburst of honest and patriotic feeling which did credit to this rough and simple fellow.

Captain Easterbrook refused to ask any questions of this witness either. It was now between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, when the President asked the prisoner if he designed to call any witnesses for the defence, and proposed to adjourn the Court until the following day.

"Sir," said Jack, "I have no witnesses to call."

"Then," said the President, "you would doubtless wish for time to prepare your defence. It is now late; we will adjourn the Court until to-morrow."

"Sir," said Jack, "I thank you. But with permission of the Court I will make my defence without further delay. I will not trouble the Court to adjourn."

The Court conferred, and presently said that they would hear the prisoner at once, if he chose.

"Gentlemen," Jack began, "I have but few words to say; and as for defence, I have none. I have been at sea since my thirteenth year, and am now four-and-twenty. During this time I have been present in many actions, and I have never received aught but commendation from my superior officers. I served first under Captain Holmes, of the *Lenox*, and next on board the *Countess of Dorset*, when I was cast away on the coast of Patagonia, and, after wandering among the Indians, I was prisoner first to the Spaniards, and afterward to the French. But I broke prison, and was appointed Third Lieutenant to Captain Lockhart, of the *Tartar*. I submit that my character for courage was never impugned on board any of these vessels, and Captain Lockhart hath thought fit to bear testimony in his despatches to my conduct in the many engagements fought by his ship. You have also heard how I was enabled, by the help of those of my crew then on deck, to take the ship again."

He paused here, as if he was unwilling to say what was in his mind.

"I submit to the Court," said the Deputy Judge-Advocate, "that these facts, which I think the Court will not dispute, do not constitute any defence."

"They are no defence," Jack replied. "I state them because they form my only consolation in this hour. I have no defence. The charge is true. My officers and crew would have taken not only the *Malicieuse*, but the two other ships as well. Their evidence is true in every particular. I wish to testify that no Commander ever had better officers, a handier vessel, or a heartier crew. I threw all away. I struck the colors. I cowardly and treacherously surrendered my ship without firing a shot. I have but one prayer to make to the Court. It is that this act, which was wholly my own, may not in the least degree prejudice the future of my brave Lieutenants. It was this shameful hand, and none other, which hauled down the flag of the *Calypso*."

When he concluded there was silence for a space, because the Court and everybody present were taken by surprise, and because the contemplation of this tall and handsome lad (he seemed no more) thus avowing, not proudly, but shamefully, and yet honestly and fully, his own dishonor, overwhelmed us with sadness. From his officers, standing together, there were whispers, which could be heard all over the Court: "He was mad. A madman is not answerable for his doings. No one but a madman would have done it;" and so forth. And I verily believe, and have been assured, that there was not one among them all who would not gladly have put out to sea again under Captain Easterbrook, in full confidence that he would fight the ship as long as a man was left alive to stand beside him.

The case being then concluded, and the whole evidence completed, with such defence as the defendant had thought fit to set up, order was given to clear the Court. Which was done, the guard of Marines taking the Captain back to his cabin, and the Judges being left alone.

"He will die," said Captain Petherick; "I see in his eyes that there is nothing left for him to desire but death. The day of his execution will be welcome to him. Yet I hope that they will not hang him like a cur, but will shoot him like a brave man."

"He was certainly mad," said Mr. Shelvocke. "I remember once, being then off the Ladrone Islands—"

"Ay," said Mr. Brinjes, interrupting—I had not seen him in Court; yet he was there, dressed as if for the club—"Ay. The boy was mad. What? Would a coward have resolved upon so desperate an enterprise as to attack the prize crew single-handed? Death was before him—death if he failed; death if he succeeded; for to succeed was but to throw himself into a court-martial. Whereas, if he had suffered the ship to sail into Brest Harbor, he might have lived in France all his life in safety, and no one to know what had happened. Now, what can they do but sentence him to be hanged or shot? Luke, my lad, if I had Aaron ashore, I would make every one of his teeth like a lump of red-hot iron; rheumatic pains should grind his joints and twist his nerves; gout should tear and rend his stomach; tic should stick sharp teeth into his face. Well—patience! something will happen unto Aaron yet. If, now, the poor boy had been suffered to have his wish, he would have died in the moment of victory, when he had reconquered the ship. As for witchcraft"—here he whispered—"but that I know the poor wretch loves him still, and would rather die than suffer him to come to any harm, I should believe that Bess was at the bottom of the mischief. I say not that she is a witch; but no one knows what a revengeful woman can do when once she dabbles in the Forbidden Art."

Bess was, indeed, at the bottom of the mischief, but in a way which Mr. Brinjes could not understand; for he had not, so far as I could discover, the fear of the Lord before his eyes, and was, indeed, little better than a Pagan.

"There is, again," he said, "the old black woman. But then Jack was to marry her mistress, and therefore she would not harm him. Yet there must be a girl in it, and she must have put Obi upon him by the help of some one, though I knew not that there were any other Obeah men in this country besides myself. If I were younger, I would go to Portsmouth and find that woman, and then, Luke, my lad, she should be made to feel as if it had been better for her never to have been born."

"Bess, at least, is no witch," I said, for the fire of his one eye was so bright that I feared he might have fallen upon her, or, at least, compelled her to tell him the truth.

"This woman, whoever she may be, hath robbed the King's service of the most gallant officer; she hath deprived a lovely woman of her sweetheart; she hath covered us all with shame and confusion. Wherefore, may her flesh fall rotten from her bones! May—"

"Nay, Mr. Brinjes," I said, "when you find her you can curse her. Let not your curses loose upon an unknown woman."

He stopped, but it was because at this moment the Court was thrown open and the prisoner was taken back to hear his sentence. We learned afterward that there was a difference of opinion among the Judges, some inclining to mercy on the ground of the Captain's conduct in recapturing the ship. But in the end the sterner counsels prevailed; and, indeed, the Commander of a ship can on no grounds be pardoned for surrendering to the enemy save in extremity. Suppose a man commits a forgery, is it any defence that before and after this act of wickedness he led a good and virtuous life? Suppose a boy picks a pocket, is it any defence that he is sorry, and would fain give back the purse and the money that was in it?

We went back to the Court. Alas! The prisoner's sword was now reversed, and lay upon the table the point toward the prisoner, which meant Death.

"Guilty," whispered Mr. Brinjes, not looking at the sword. "Death is written in their faces." It was. And yet the brave officers, who had already passed and signed the sentence of death, showed compassion in their faces.

As for me, I cannot even now, after nearly forty years have passed, think of that moment without the tears rising to my eyes. The Court was crowded with fine ladies, who had come from London to see the trial. They thought, perhaps, to enjoy the spectacle of a gallant man brought to shame, but they could not without tears and sobbing look upon this poor fellow, tall and manly, brought forth to hear a sentence of death.

The Deputy Judge-Advocate arose, and read the sentence in his hand, signed by every member of the Court.

"Captain John Easterbrook, the court-martial duly held upon you for the loss of his Majesty's ship the *Calypso*, find that you did cowardly surrender your ship. The sentence of the Court is, that on a day to be presently appointed according to the will of his Gracious Majesty the King, you be placed upon the quarter-deck of the *Calypso* and be there shot to death. God save the King!"

"Gentlemen," said Jack, in a clear, firm voice, "I thank the Court for their patient hearing of the case. I looked for no other verdict, and I desire no other. I acknowledge the justice of the sentence. God save the King!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

AFTER THE COURT-MARTIAL.

THUS ended the court-martial; thus was made grievous shipwreck of a gallant youth's ambition, his honor, and his life; yet, as to his honor, 'twas stoutly and steadfastly maintained by all sailors, and especially by the officers and men of the *Calypso*, that the Captain's surrender (being done in a moment of madness or by power of witchcraft) was fully atoned for by his surprising recapture of the ship. That, too, has always been the opinion of his friends, though, for my own part, as the only one left who knows the whole truth, I cannot but acknowledge that the madness was sent by Heaven, just as much as that madness which the ancients feigned to have been inflicted on the Greek hero who slew cattle and sheep, thinking they were his enemies. Therefore, no atonement for his deed was necessary, seeing that it was itself a punishment inflicted by the hand of a justly offended Creator.

As regards the condemned man, whom I saw many times after the sentence, I declare that I have never known any man more cheerful and resigned to his fate than was this most unfortunate Captain during the three weeks which passed between his sentence and the day of his execution. Of hope he had none; nor did he desire to live.

"If I were reprieved," he said, "whither should I go? how live? I am but twenty-four years of age, and I might live for fifty years to come, even into the next century, if the world endure so long, with the accursed remembrance of one day always in my mind, and among people who would never tire of pointing at the Captain who surrendered his ship without striking a blow—one single blow—the most cowardly surrender in the history of the British Navy. Why, 'twould be every day a thousand times worse than the pains of death. My worst enemy could devise no more cruel punishment than to send me forth free to walk the streets of an English town. Nay, Bess"—for she was with him—"'tis idle to talk. I know what thou wouldst say, dear girl. For a mad act—we know, my dear, why that madness was sent, and for what cause permitted—no man should be held responsible. Why, my First Lieutenant was here yesterday, and said as much. But even he does not know, and the world can never know, the whole truth."

In those last days Bess was with him always. She came at eight in the morning, and she left him at eight in the evening.

She sat with Jack, therefore, all day long in the cabin, which was his condemned cell. For the first day or two she wept continually. Then she ceased her crying altogether, and sat with dry eyes. She said nothing, but she looked upon her sweetheart always, as if hungering after the sight of his dear face. But from time to time she rose and flung out her arms, as if she could not bear herself. This was natural when a woman regains her lover only to lose him by a violent death. One evening I walked home with her through the town, and she told me, poor girl, what was in her mind. "I shall not live after him," she said—"of that I am resolved. Why, if it be as he says, that Heaven hath punished him for his inconstancy, was it not through my mouth that the punishment was pronounced? Where he goes, I shall go. When he dies, I shall die. In that same hour when the bullets tear his dear heart shall I die too; and so my soul shall join his. I know not," she said, wildly, "oh! I know not whither we shall be sent in the next world; and I care nothing—no, nothing—so only that we go there together. I am quite sure that he is forgiven all his sins, if ever he committed any, though I know not that they can be worth considering. And he dies for them. What can a man do more? As for me, I am not afraid, because I have always gone to church every Sunday morning. Oh! I doubt not we shall go to heaven together, and sit hand in hand, and side by side; and perhaps we shall forget the past, somehow, and then the old brave look will come back to my boy's eyes. What would heaven be to him if I were not with him—and what to me if my Jack were not beside me? And oh! Luke, he loves me now more tenderly than ever he loved me before. And I am happy, though I know that we have but a day or two more to live. They tell me that to be shot gives no pain; else I could not bear it, and must die first."

I pointed out to her the wickedness of self-destruction; but she would not listen, crying wildly that she cared for no wickedness—not she—so that she could join in death, as well as in life, the man she loved. Surely there never was woman who loved man with so violent a passion; and now in these last days, when it was all too late, there never was girl more truly loved.

"'Tis the fondest heart, Luke!" said Jack, the tears in his eyes. "Why, for thy sake, sweet Bess, I would be almost contented to live, and to forget the past. If we could go somewhere together, where no man knew or could find out my dishonor—if we could go and live on one of the islands in the Southern Seas— But this is idle talk."

Then the time drew near when the sentence must be carried out. We expected from day to day to hear that the time was fixed.

About a fortnight after the sentence a sudden and most surprising change came over Bess. She left off crying altogether; sometimes, even, she laughed; she seemed not to know, or even to care, what she said or did. She would throw herself into Jack's arms, and kiss him passionately; at the next moment she would tear herself free, and stand gasping and panting, and with wild eyes, as if with impatience, so that I feared lest she should lose her reason altogether. I have heard that persons condemned to the flames by the accursed Inquisition (which they dare to call holy) have been known to go mad with the terror of looking forward to that awful torture. Sure I am that no flames of the stake could be more dreadful to Bess than the thought of the moment when her lover would fall dead, pierced by a dozen bullets. Jack at such times would try to calm her, but she shook him off, crying, "No, no. Let me be. Oh! I am choking. Oh! Jack—my dear—if you knew what is in my heart! Yes—Jack. I will be quiet. Oh! what a wretch am I that I should add to your trouble at such a time!" Then she threw herself at his feet, and caught his hands. "Jack," she cried, "you know that I am your servant and your slave. Oh! if I loved you when all the world spoke well of you, think how much more I love you now you have got no one—oh! no one but your poor fond girl!"

He raised her and kissed her. Nothing now could move him but the sight of her tears and suffering, which (I am not ashamed to write this down) brought tears to my own eyes.

"Let us pretend," she said—"let us talk like children—oh! we were once happy children, and we could pretend and believe what we pleased. Why . . . all this is only pretence. The cabin is our old summer-house; you are only twelve years of age, and I am a little girl; and we have been playing at court-martial. . . . No," she shuddered, "that is a dreadful game. We will play at something else. We are going away—you and I together, Jack—we shall take a ship and sail far away from England to the islands you have seen, and Mr. Brinjes talks about—we will live there—oh! no one will ever find us out. . . . We have long to live. I will work for you, and you will forget all that has happened. Then we shall grow old. . . . Do you think you would love an old woman, Jack, who had lost her beauty and gone gray and toothless? And then we would lie down and die together. Why—whatever happens, we will die together—we must die together. Jack. . . . Jack. . . . Oh! if we could go away; oh! if we could go away together—to leave it all behind, and to forget it!"

"Patience, dear heart," he said. "Patience, Bess; it tears me to see thee suffer."

I was with them; and—but who could see and listen to him without tears? I am not a stock or a stone.

"Patience?" she replied. "Yes, yes! I will have patience! Jack, do you remember three years ago, the day we were in the summer-house, Luke being present, you solemnly made a great promise?"

"I remember, Bess. God knows I have reason to remember not only the promise, but how I kept it."

"Make me one more promise, Jack." She laid her hands upon his arm. "Make me one more promise now. Luke is here again to witness for us."

"Why, child, what promise can I make thee now? A dying man can neither make nor break a promise. Shall I promise to love thee in the next world?"

"Nay, promise what I shall tell thee. Say, after me, I, Jack Easterbrook—"

"I, Jack Easterbrook," he repeated.

"Do swear solemnly, before GOD ALMIGHTY—"

He repeated these words.

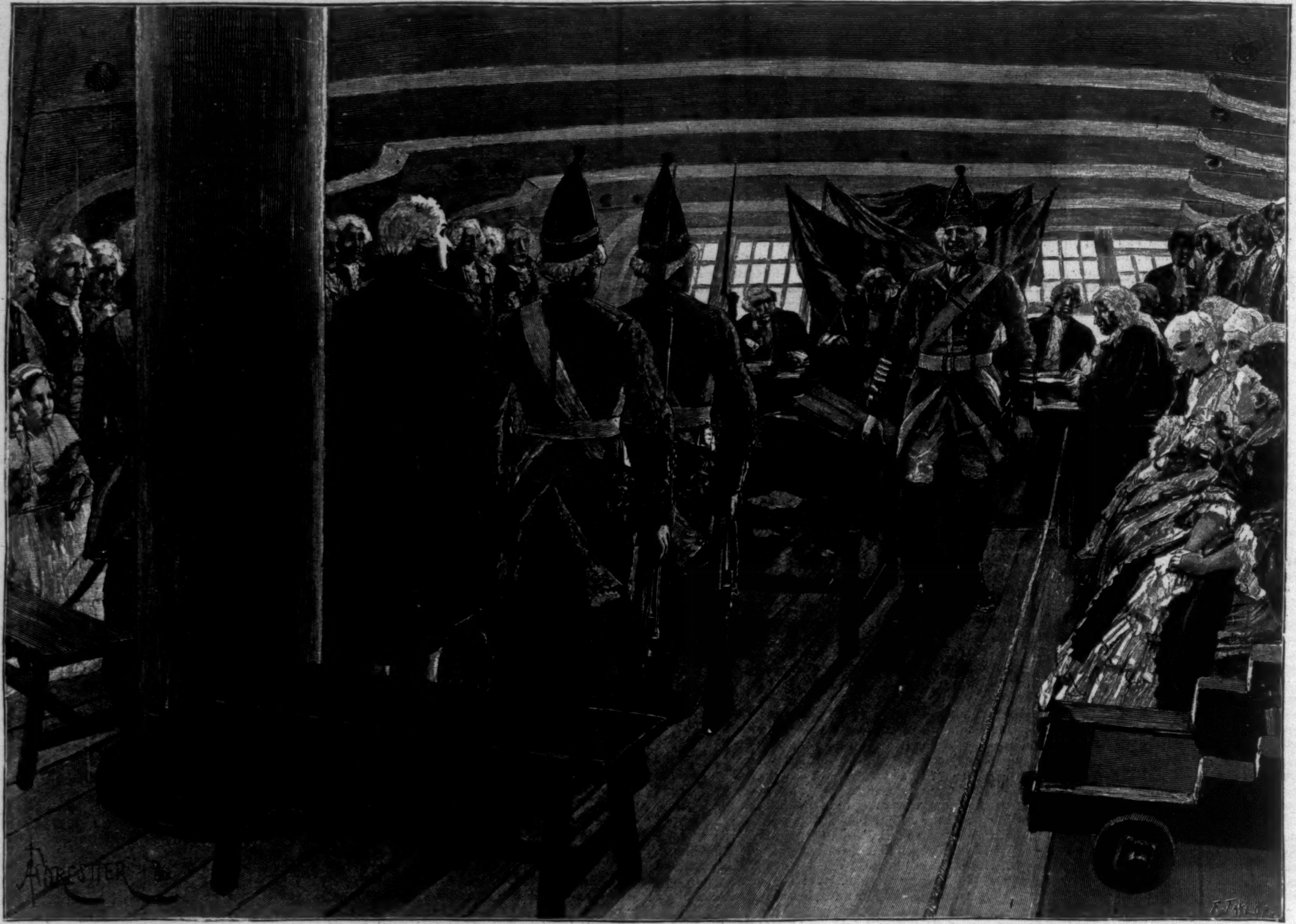
"That I will grant to Bess Westmoreland one more request, whatever she may ask me, before I die."

He said it after her, concluding with the words, "Whatever she may ask me, before I die."

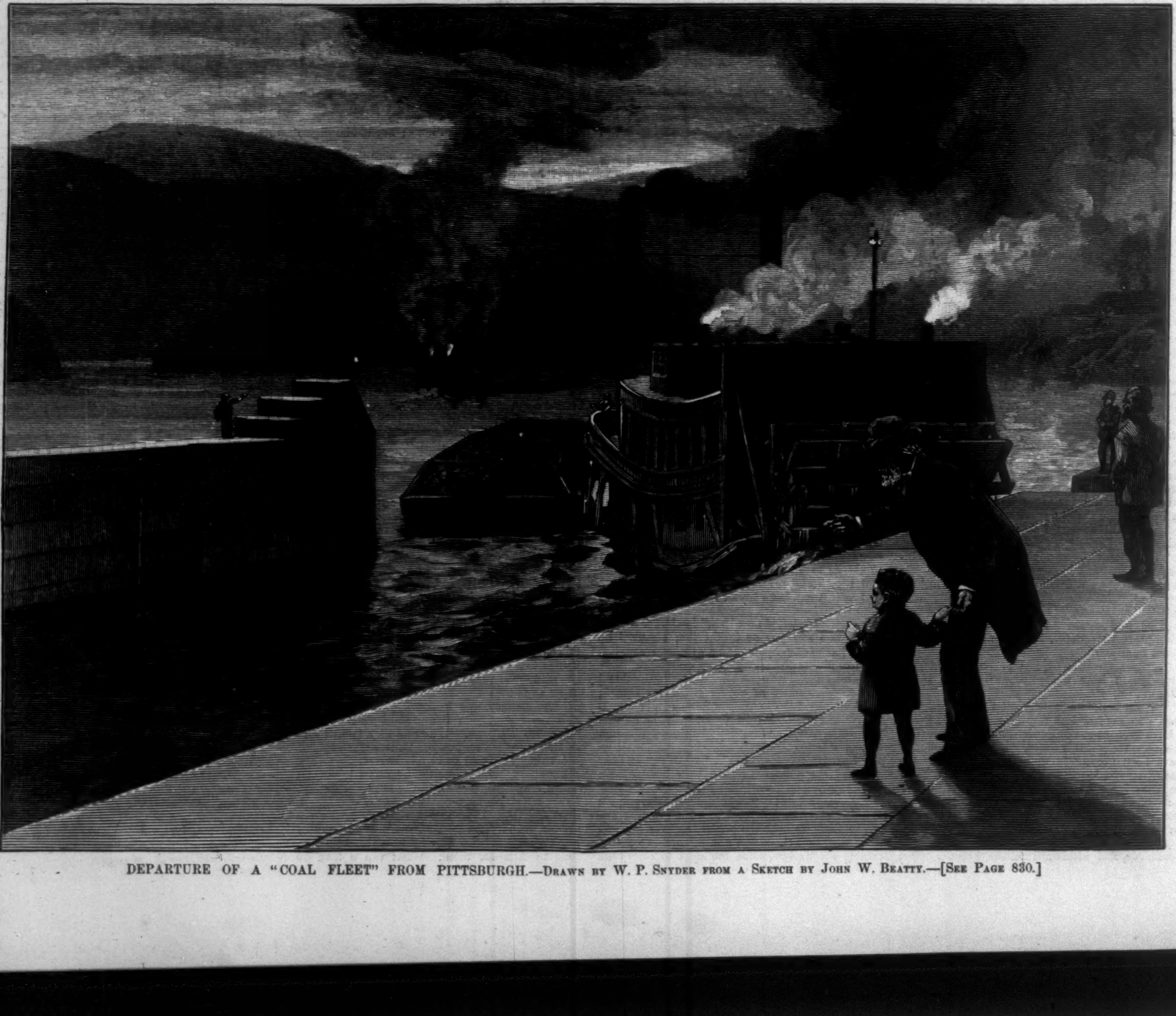
She fetched a great sigh, and kissed him again; and, throwing her arms round his neck, laid her head upon his shoulder.

I could not, for the life of me, understand what she meant; and still I thought that her brain must be wandering with her troubles.

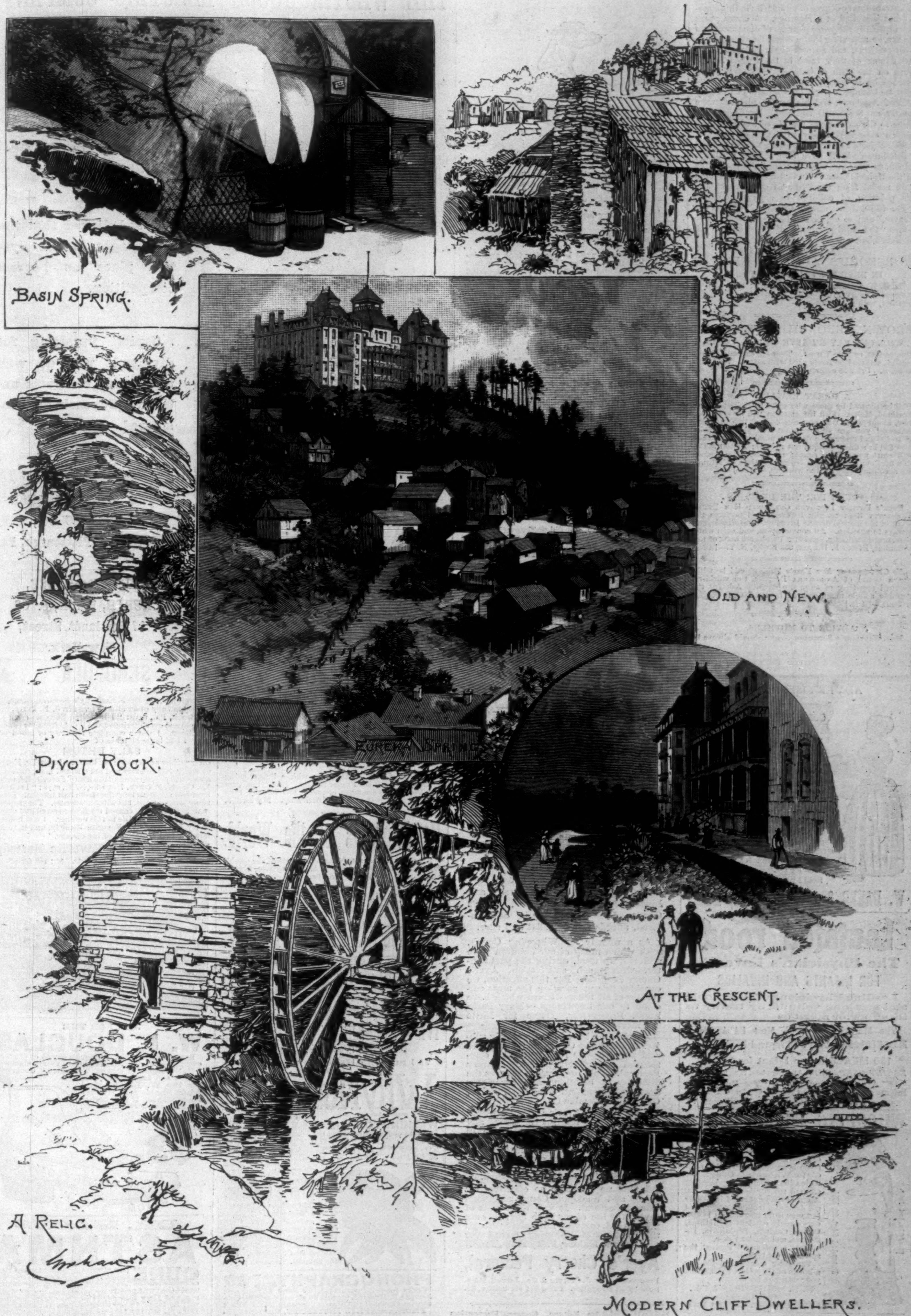
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"THE DEPUTY JUDGE-ADVOCATE AROSE, AND READ THE SENTENCE IN HIS HAND."—[SEE SERIAL "THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN," PAGE 830.]



DEPARTURE OF A "COAL FLEET" FROM PITTSBURGH.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN W. BEATTY.—[SEE PAGE 830.]


Basin Spring.
Old and New.
Eureka Spring
Pivot Rock.
At the Crescent.
A Relic.
Modern Cliff Dwellers.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 827.]

MEYER VON BREMEN.

A GERMAN painter whose works have enjoyed an extraordinary degree of popularity in this country has just died at a ripe age. A dozen years ago especially the *genre* pictures of JOHANN GEORG MEYER, so appealing to the domestic affections in their subjects, and so smooth in finish, were at the climax of their fame in the United States. Born on the 28th of October, 1813, at Bremen, whence he is usually known as MEYER of Bremen, he became a pupil of SCHADOW in the Düsseldorf Academy, and his earlier pictures were mostly on Scriptural subjects. By degrees he came to the painting of the life of to-day, and he proved especially happy in depicting children. Such subjects as "Girls Listening to a Story" and "Blind-man's-Buff" gave him a wide celebrity, which, as we have said, was specially noticeable in the United States. He had received in 1850 a gold medal from the Prussian government, and his painting of children in such pictures as "The Child Jesus among Children," "The First Prayer," and so on, caused him sometimes to be called "the child painter." He died on the 6th of December.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN DEBILITY FROM OVERWORK.

DR. G. W. COLLINS, Tipton, Ind., says: "I used it in nervous debility brought on by overwork in warm weather, with good results."—[*Adv.*]

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No Christmas or New Year's Table should be without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Ask for the genuine article manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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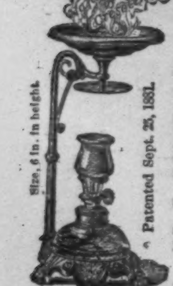
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Or Prevented by Page's Vaporizer and Cresolene. We have abundant testimony that Cresolene vaporized in a closed room is an almost infallible remedy for Whooping-Cough, for which distressing malady no other assured remedy is known to us. A cure usually effected in five or six days, at a trifling expense and but very little trouble. It is also exceedingly efficient in Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Influenza, and Scarlet Fever.

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AGENTS Wanted to sell Dr. Chase's 2000 Recipe Book. *Sells at Sight.* You double your money. Address Dr. Chase's Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

What Ailed Mrs. Green.

Do you recognize this pensive lady? It is the picture of a well-known and extremely good lady. This lady insists that Pandemonium is a place of quiet bliss compared to her home.

She has a very large heart, and rather a respectable sized foot. She has also a crying baby. He cried in the day-time. Worse than that, he cried nights. In fact he had a two-weeks cry.

Mrs. Green stamped her pretty foot and declared that that baby would cry any mother into the hysterical and dismal eternity of suspended agony and final death.

She tried many medicines. She also tried doctors. At first she thought it was colic. Then constipation. Next diarrhœa. Then, hives. Worms? No, it was not worms. Shubel Teller, the blacksmith across the river, said it was the devil.

The doctor sent his bill. It was $18; for 6 visits 2 prescriptions, and several headaches. The father—well he went to Chicago to get some sleep.

Mrs. Green, poor woman, feels that she is done with life. See how thin she is. She hadn't slept for 14 awful days. And baby—he is but a shadow.

Mrs. Green was tired. She was hopeless. She was nearly crazy. She wanted to die. That's just the way she felt. She kneeled down to pray, but seized a pen and wrote this epitaph instead:

Here lies the wretched body of
Mrs. Judith Sarah Ann Green,
Who died of the worst—no, the dearest
Baby that ever was seen.

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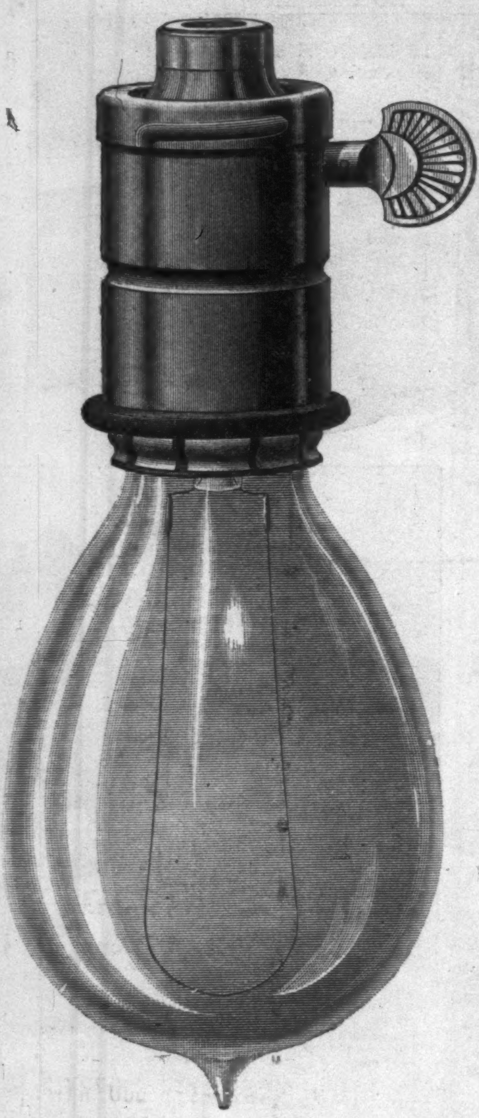

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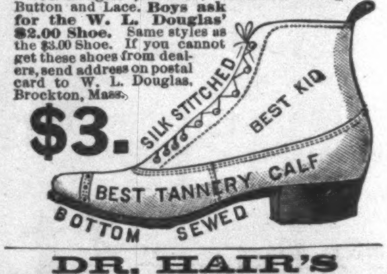

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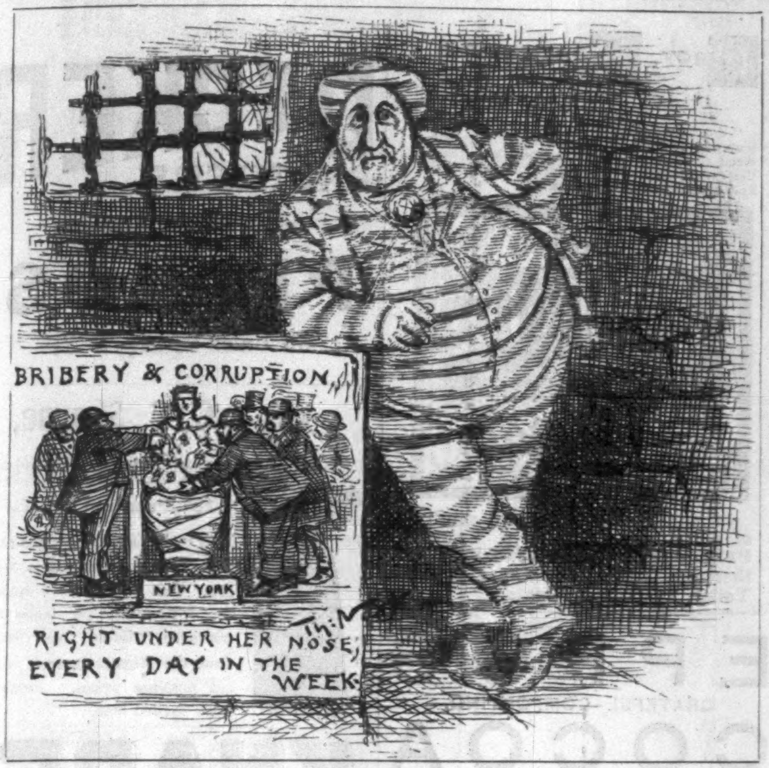
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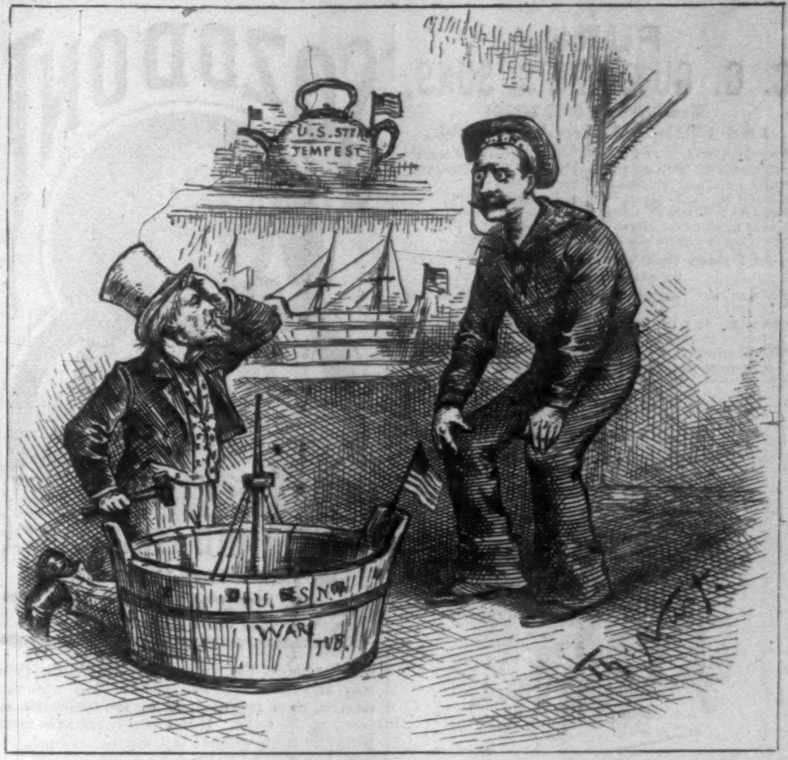

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